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THE BUSINESS OF LIVING.

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The time has come, the walrus said,
    To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
    And cabbages and kings ;
And why the sea is boiling hot,
    And whether pigs have wings.

And that, to put it briefly, is what essays are about—'many things'. Anything will do for a subject provided, in the words of Bacon, that it comes home to men's business and bosoms. There are few things more difficult to describe than an essay. Provided that the value of legs, whiskers, a tail, and fur are generally understood, quite a tolerable account of a cat can be given to people who have never seen one. Describing a house is as easy as falling off a roof : but to define an essay—that is as impossible as to define a human face. Like a face, it can be described as funny, or solemn, or long, or learned, or insane, or dull : but none of this helps the uninitiated to imagine the face or the essay without looking for himself. The only thing to do, both for faces and for essays, is to compare them with something else. An approximate notion of a face can be given by saying that the nose under discussion is like the nose of Mr. So-and-so, while the double-chin is the same shape (but not so big) as the dewlap of the cow in Mr. What's-'is-name's field, and so on. This method is rough-and-ready, but the best

there is. Attempting the same sort of thing for the essay, we should say that an essay was a letter from the author to his readers, without the conventions of a letter (the date and address and 'your affectionate nephew') but preserving all the wide scope and formlessness of a letter, all its freedom of style, its discursiveness, its note of personal intimacy.

That, then, is why the subject matter of essays is so varied, and why it is so difficult to describe its form. All we know about letters, as a class of writings, is that somebody has something to say to somebody else. This is actually true even of those countless letters we all write beginning 'I have nothing to say,' for that very sentence is something positive. The other person knows a great deal more about us after receiving a letter like that than he did before : he knows we are not dead, or ill ; and that nothing of great importance has happened, either for good or ill, since he last had news of us. The first necessity then is for a writer, a reader, and something to write and read. So far the demands of letters and essays are identical.

There comes a slight difference when we come to the link between the writer and the reader, for though a letter can presuppose a personal contact of some sort, the essay is intended for people who know nothing of the writer. Writing a letter is therefore easier; for the writer can assume that however badly he writes, his effort will arouse some interest. When I receive a letter from my bank manager,

I open it with mixed feelings, but always with the keenest curiosity. And though I know beforehand that it will be couched in language I heartily deplore, I invariably pay the closest attention to every phrase and figure. Now the essayist can count on no such lively interest. His work will be picked up in some idle moment, and unless the title indicates that the contents will reward the effort of reading, the essay will fail in its object. And the title is not enough. If the idler is led to begin an essay on 'Adventures of the Mind' in the hopes of finding exciting stories, and instead finds a dull treatise on new developments in psychological research, he will not persist beyond the first paragraph.

This is the capital difficulty of essay-writing: to arouse interest sufficient to hold the attention of the general reader until the 'somebody' has said the 'something' he set out to say. Whereas the letter writer can assume an interest in anything to do with himself, or at least knows exactly what subjects *will* arouse interest (as my bank-manager does) the essay writer can assume only a certain mild curiosity about matters of common importance to all men. So although this book contains no essays on anybody's bank balance, it does include a discussion of the relations between Science and Religion, an apology for idlers (a title that fills almost all of us with pleasurable anticipation of finding, at last, a justification for the major part of our existence) and the destiny of man. And though people who have

never heard of Professor Haldane will not be wildly anxious about the state of his health, the *story* of that health is of interest to all who have any concern about their own.

Having made clear this difference between letters and essays we must proceed to qualify it. The essayist cannot assume a *particular* interest in himself, his affair; but he can appeal to the curiosity we all betray in the doings of our own kind. Anything in the nature of personal confession from the statements of film stars about how they keep slim to the self-revelation of Pepys, can count on widespread interest. This is the essential element in the essay, which differentiates it from the lecture or the thesis, or any other kind of prose argument. This it is which makes 'Old China' a great favourite with countless people who could not distinguish between old China and the cheapest of modern pottery. It is for this reason that the essay has been described as a 'lyric in prose': a lyric is a poem of personal emotion, and the essay is the same thing with the emotional content lower, as befits prose composition.

The subject-matter of the essay, then, moves between two poles, the private concern and the universal appeal. It is the extent to which the writer reconciles these two tendencies that the essay is of value. In the business of reconciliation the style and form play a great part. Few people are anxious to waste time reading the praise of chimney sweepers unless that praise is written in so

entertaining a fashion that it is a reward in itself. And Hazlitt offers little help to people planning a journey, so but for the style his essay would be of little value. Essays like these come home to men's bosoms because they are written well.

It is very different with essays of argument. Shelley's style is not a reward adequate for the trouble we have gone to in reading the essay ; yet it is a good essay since it says something worth saying, on a subject of vital importance to the human race. The same is true of Professor Huxley's remarks on Science and Religion. Art and religion are of interest to all men in one way or another. And the remarks of a great poet or thinker must always be read with attention, even if the language in which they are couched is not as lively as that of Lamb. In an argumentative essay there is a goal to be reached : in a discursive essay, the goal does not really matter. The former is like a railway journey, where a deviation from the path is a catastrophe : the latter like a walk in a pleasant country, where the enjoyment lies in wandering up any avenue that seems tempting. And just as when recording one's impressions of a journey or a walk, one must judge according to the purpose in view, so when criticizing essays, these different aims must be borne in mind.

The two tests, corresponding to the two essen tial elements we have already discussed, are interest and sincerity. If the essay does not interest us at all, it is probably poor. The fault may lie in us,

and that is why schoolboys are made to study things they find dull, so that a love of good literature may be fostered in them. But in general, and particularly in the appreciation of essays, where there are no difficulties of literary form, the amount of spontaneous enjoyment they give is the first test. Enjoyment does not mean mere amusement, and particularly in the essays in this book there must be hard thought on the part of the reader if he is to appreciate the writing fully.

Then secondly essays must be sincere. Some of these essays touch on the profoundest matters of human life : and to do that without sincerity is to steer straight for failure. Something of the personal note, some varying degree of self-confession, can be found in all the essays of this collection : Haldane and Huxley, two scientists, contribute honest scientific thought ; Shelley, the poet, writes an impassioned defence of his art ; Hazlitt gives his own prejudices about going for a walk; and Lamb the gentle sympathizer with humanity, writes in defence of children who were sent up chimneys in the cold of the dawn, and so on.

So in the end, if an essay is to come home to men's business and bosoms, it must itself spring from man's bosom. It may be on anything—

Shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
And cabbages and kings—

so long as it be on something of meaning in the life of man.

'WITH BRAINS, SIR.'

JOHN BROWN

'Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with ?' said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. 'With *Brains*, Sir,' was the gruff reply and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information ; it did not expound the principles and rule of the art ; but, if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him ; it would set him a-going, a-thinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colours and their mixture the better. Many other artists when asked such a question, would have either set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colours, in such and such proportions, rubbed up so and so ; or perhaps they would (and so much the better, but not the best) have shown him how they laid them on ; but this would leave him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter : 'With *Brains*, Sir.'

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favourable eye. 'Capital composition : correct drawing ; the colour, tone, chiaroscuro excellent ; but—but—it wants,

hang it, it wants—*That* !' snapping his fingers ; and, wanting 'that,' though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of aesthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was done, how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, 'How should I do this, Sir ?' 'Suppose you try.' Another, 'What does this mean, Mr. Etty ?' 'Suppose you look'. 'But I have looked.' 'Suppose you look again.' And they did try and they did look, and looked again ; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done, had the how or the what (supposing this possible, which it is not in its full and highest meaning) been told them, or, done for them ; in the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense and secure ; in the other mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained. But what are 'Brains' ? what did Opie mean ? and what is Sir Joshua's 'That' ? What is included in it ? and what is the use, or the need of trying and trying, of missing often before you hit, when you can be told at once and be done with it; or of looking when you may be shown ? Everything in medicine and in painting—practical arts—as means to ends, let their scientific enlargement be ever so rapid and immense, depends upon the right answers to these questions.

First of all, 'brains' in the painter, are not

diligence, knowledge, skill, sensibility, a strong will, or a high aim—he may have all these, and never paint anything so truly good or effective as the rugged woodcut we must all remember, of Apollyon bestriding the whole breadth of the way, and Christian girding at him like a man, in the old six-penny *Pilgrim's Progress*; and a young medical student may have zeal, knowledge, ingenuity, attention, a good eye and a steady hand—he may be an accomplished anatomist, stethoscopist, histologist, and analyst; and yet, with all this, and all the lectures, and all the books, and all the sayings, and all the preparations, drawings, tables, and other helps of his teachers, crowded into his memory or his notebooks, he may be beaten in treating a whitlow or a colic, by the nurse in the wards where he was clerk, or by the old country doctor who brought him into the world, and who listens with such humble wonder to his young friend's account, on his coming home after each session, of all he had seen and done,—of all the last astonishing discoveries and operations of the day. What the painter wants, in addition to, and as the complement of, the other elements, is *genius* and *sense*; what the doctor needs to crown and give worth and safety to his accomplishment is *sense* and *genius*; in the first case, more of this than of that; in the second more of that, than of this. These are '*Brains*' and the '*That*.'

And what is genius? and what is sense? (Genius is a peculiar native aptitude or tendency to any one

calling or pursuit over all others. A man may have a genius for governing, for killing, or for curing the greatest number of men, and in the best possible manner : a man may have a genius for the fiddle, or his mission may be for the tight-rope, or the Jew's harp ; or it may be a natural turn for seeking, and finding, and teaching truth, and for doing the greatest possible good to mankind ; or it may be a turn equally natural for seeking, and finding, and teaching a lie, and doing the maximum of mischief. It was as natural, as inevitable, for Wilkie to develop himself into a painter, and such a painter as we know him to have been, as it is for an acorn when planted to grow up into an oak, a specific *quercus robur.* But genius, and nothing else, is not enough, even for a painter : he must likewise have *sense* and what is sense ? Sense drives, or ought to drive the coach ; sense regulates, combines, restrains, commands, all the rest—even the genius ; and sense implies exactness and soundness, power and promptitude of mind.

Then for the young doctor, he must have as his main, his master faculty, sense—Brains—*nous*, justness of mind, because his subject matter is one in which principle works rather than impulse, as in painting ; the understanding has first to do with it, however much it is worthy of the full exercise of the feelings, and the affections. But all will not do, if GENIUS be not there,— a real turn for the profession. It may not be a liking for it—some of the best of

its practitioners never really liked it, at least liked other things better; but there must be a fitness of faculty of body and mind for its full, constant, exact pursuit. We might, to pursue the subject, pick out painters who had much genius and little or no sense, and *vice versa*; and physicians and surgeons, who had sense and no genius, and genius without sense, and some perhaps who had neither, and yet were noticeable, and, in their own sideways, useful to men.

But our great object will be gained if we have given our young readers (and these remarks have been addressed exclusively to students) any idea of what we mean, if we have made them think, and look inwards. The noble and sacred science you have entered on is large, difficult, and deep, beyond most others; it is every day becoming larger, deeper and in many senses more difficult, more complicated and involved. It requires more than the average intellect, energy, attention, patience, and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and an acquirement, *presence of mind*—than almost any other department of human thought and action, except perhaps that of ruling men. Therefore it is, that we hold it to be of paramount importance that the parents, teachers, and friends of youths intended for medicine, and above all, that those who examine them on their entering on their studies, should at least satisfy themselves as far as they can, that they are not

below *par* in intelligence; they may be deficient and unapt, *qua medici*, and yet, if taken in time, may make excellent useful men in other useful and honourable callings.

But suppose we have got the requisite amount and specific kind of capacity, how are we to fill it with its means; how are we to make it effectual for its end? On this point we say nothing except that the fear now-a-days is rather that the mind gets too much of too many things, than too little or too few. But this means of turning knowledge to action, making it what Bacon meant when he said it was power, invigorating the thinking substance—giving tone, and you may call it muscle and nerve, blood, and bone, to the mind— a firm grip, and a keen and sure eye: *that*, we think, is far too little considered or cared for at present, as if the mere act of filling in everything for ever into a poor lad's brain, would give him the ability to make anything of it, and above all, the power to appropriate the small proportions of true nutriment, and reject the dregs.

One comfort we have, that in the main, and in the last resort, there is really very little that *can* be done for any man by another. Begin with the sense and the genius--the keen appetite and the good digestion—and, amid all obstacles and hardships, the work goes on merrily and well; without these, we all know what a laborious affair, and a dismal, it is to make an incapable youth apply. Did you ever set yourselves to keep up artificial respira-

tion, or to trudge about for a whole night with a narcotized victim of opium, or transfuse blood, (your own perhaps) into a poor, fainting exanimate wretch? If so you will have some idea of the heartless attempt, and its generally vain and miserable result, to make a dull student apprehend—a debauched, interested, knowing or active in anything beyond the base of his brain—a weak, etiolated intellect hearty, and worth anything; and yet how many such are dragged through their weary *curricula*, and by some miraculous process of cramming, and equally miraculous power of turning their insides out, get through their examinations: and then—what then? Providentially, in most cases, they find their level; the broad daylight of the world—its shrewd and keen eye, its strong instinct of what can, and what cannot serve its purpose—puts all except the poor object himself to rights; happy is it for him if he turns to some new and more congenial pursuit in time.

But it may be asked, how are the brains to be strengthened, the sense quickened, the genius awakened, the affections raised—the whole man turned to the best account for the cure of his fellow men? How are you, when physics and physiology are increasing so marvellously, and when the burden of knowledge, the quantity of transferable information, of registered facts, of current names—and such names! is so infinite: how are you to enable a student to take it all in, to bear up under all, and use it as

not abusing it, or being abused by it? You must invigorate the containing and sustaining mind, you must strengthen him from within, as well as fill him from without; you must discipline, nourish, edify, relieve, and refresh his entire nature; and how? We have no time to go at large into this, but we will indicate what we mean:—encourage languages, especially French and German, at the early part of their studies; encourage not merely book knowledge, but the personal pursuit of natural history, of field botany, of geology, of zoology; give the young fresh unforgetting eye, exercise and free scope upon the infinite diversity and combination of natural colours, forms, substances, surfaces, weights, and sizes—everything, in a word, that will educate their eye or ear, their touch, taste and smell, their sense of muscular resistance; encourage them by prizes to make skeletons, preparations and collections of any natural objects; and above all try and get hold of their affections, and make them put their hearts into their work. Let them, if possible, have the advantage of a regulated tutorial as well as the ordinary professional system. Let there be no excess in the number of classes and the frequency of lectures. Let them be drilled in composition; by this we mean the writing and spelling of correct, plain English (a matter of not every-day occurrence and not on the increase), let them be directed to the best books of the old masters in medicine, and *examined in them*, let them be encouraged in the

use of a wholesome and manly literature. We do not mean popular, or even modern literature, such as Emerson, Bulwar, or Alison, or the trash of the inferior periodicals or novels—fashion, vanity, and the spirit of the age, will attract them readily enough to all these ; we refer to the treasure of our elder and better authors. If our young medical student would take our advice, and for an hour or two twice a week take up a volume of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Montaigne, Addison, Defoe, Goldsmith, Fielding, Scott, Charles Lamb, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Sydney, Smith, Helps, Thackeray, &c., not to mention authors on deeper or more sacred subjects—they would have happier and healthier minds, and make none the worse doctors. If they, by good fortune—for the tide has set in strong against the *literae humaniores*—have come off with some Greek or Latin, we would supplicate for an ode of Horace, a couple of pages of Cicero, or of Pliny once a month, and a page of Xenophon. French and German should be mastered either before or during the first years of study. They will never afterwards be acquired so easily or so thoroughly, and the want of them may be bitterly felt when too late.

But one main help, we are persuaded, is to be found in studying, and by this we do not mean mere reading, but the digging into and through, the energizing upon, and mastering such books. We would recommend these books as a sort of game to

the mind, a mental exercise—like cricket, a gymnastic, a clearing of the eyes of their mind as with a euphrasy, a strengthening their power over particulars, a getting fresh, strong views of worn out, old things and above all, the learning a right use of their reason, and by knowing their own ignorance and weakness, finding true knowledge and strength. Exertion quickens your pulse, expands your lungs, makes your blood warmer and redder, fills your mouth with the pure waters of relish, strengthens and supples your legs ; and though on your way to the top you may encounter rocks, and baffling *debris*, and gusts of fierce winds rushing out upon you from behind corners, just as you will find in all truly serious and honest books difficulties and puzzles, winds of doctrine, and deceitful mists ; still you are rewarded at the top by the wide view. You see as from a tower the end of all. You look into the perfections and relations of things. You see the clouds, the bright lights, and the everlasting hills on the far horizon. You come down the hill a happier, a better, and a hungrier man, and of a better mind. But as we said, you must eat the book, you must crush it, and cut it with your teeth and swallow it ; just as you must walk up and not be carried up the hill, much less imagine you are there, or look upon the picture of what you would see were you up, however accurately or artistically done; no—you yourself must *do* both.

Philosophy—the love and possession of wisdom

is divided into two things, science or knowledge; and a habit or power of mind. He who has got the first is not truly wise unless his mind has reduced and assimilated it, unless he appropriates and can use it for his need.

The prime qualifications of a physician may be summed up in the words *Capax, Perspicax, Sagax, Efficax, Capax*—there must be room to receive, and arrange and keep knowledge; *Perspicax*—senses and perceptions, keen, accurate, and immediate, to bring in materials from all sensible things; *Sagax*—a central power of knowing what is what, and what is worth of choosing and rejecting, of judging; and finally, *Efficax*—the will and the way—the power to turn all the other three—capacity, perspicacity, sagacity, to account in the performance of the thing in hand, and thus rendering back to the outer world, in a new and useful form, what you have received from it. These are the intellectual qualities which make up the physician, without any one of which he would be *mancus*, and would not deserve the name of a complete artsman, any more than protein would be itself if any one of its four elements were missing.

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THE STORY OF MY HEALTH.

J. B. S. HALDANE

My story has no moral. Three of my grandparents lived to be over eighty, one to be a hundred. My parents are both alive. So if I enjoy good health, this is probably not through my having obeyed any laws, but, because, from the point of view of living at least, I am well born. Also up to the age of twelve I was well looked after. In my cradle I am told I screamed so loud as to rupture myself on both sides, and I owe my continued existence to my mother's nursing. My diet was a compromise. My milk was always boiled, for in those days milk-borne tuberculosis was a greater danger to children than it is to-day. But apart from unboiled milk and ice-cream off barrows I was allowed to eat and drink what I chose.

We did not know about vitamins in those days, but it was known that a monotonous diet brought on certain diseases, whose investigation later led to the discovery of some of the vitamins. Besides there has just been enunciated the important physiological principle that

A little of wot yer fancy does yer good.

My father was a physiologist, and I was brought up on this principle, particularly as regards

jam. I ate a great deal of unripe fruit and other foods which were generally supposed to be harmful. But the only things which have ever made me seriously ill are temperance drinks, especially raspberry vinegar and coca-kola. Fortunately at the age of eleven, when on a cycling expedition, I discovered cider. In those days children could go into pubs, and thereafter I stuck to water, milk, or honest alcoholic beverages, except when staying with relatives who occasionally poisoned me with temperance drinks.

I ought to have died when I was nine, as I broke my skull in a cycle accident. The surgeon's prognosis was that I would probably die, very probably be mentally deranged, and certainly be deaf in one ear. As I can hear rather well, I have promised my skull to my friend Sir Arthur Keith should I predecease him. He wants to know how the works of my internal ear were restored. So if I am ever mysteriously murdered, Scotland Yard will know of a possible motive for the deed.

At the age of twelve I went to Eton with a scholarship. The diet was monotonous and the cooking shocking. The matron was more interested in our souls (from the Anglo-Catholic angle) than our bodies. Probably for this reason I had my first serious illness, an inflammation of the middle ear which had not been smashed in my accident. After this I had somewhat more money to spend on food, and was able to supplement my diet as I wished.

During my last three years, I escaped during two of the three terms, from compulsory games, and found that I did very well with less exercise than most of my fellows. This incidentally enabled me to do some work. At Oxford I rowed occasionally, but discovered that after several months without any exercise, not only was I very well, but I was perfectly able to row in a race untrained, and help to win it.

During the war, apart from a couple of wounds, I was ' in the pink ' until 1918. Then, at a bombing school in Central India, I had two strokes of bad luck. I had got on very well for a year without a mosquito net. But my servant, Muhammad Akbar Khan (which means approximately Lord Glorified Larger), wishing for the ten per cent. commission which all Indian servants scrounge out of their masters' purchases, persuaded me to buy one. Now sandflies can get through the holes in a mosquito net, and my net evidently put them on their mettle. Within a week I was down with a particularly nasty fever transmitted by these insects. Up till then I had lived on the excellent and nearly vegetarian diet which Indians have found suitable for their climate. Indeed, as I had been inoculated against typhoid, I drank unboiled water, chewed betel nut bought at roadside booths, and generally behaved in an un-English manner. But now the mess president switched me over to a meat diet, and I developed the most beautiful jaundice, which possibly saved

my life, as I was not sent back to the trenches.

When I was demobilized I had to face a serious situation. I had developed the exercise habit during the War. I knew that exercise was not essential to my health, and that it took time which might have been devoted to work or to enjoying life. But to forgo one's daily exercise is almost as hard as to give up one's daily injection of cocaine or morphine. For six miserable months I struggled with the craving till I had mastered it. Now I know that I can keep fit on nothing more than a daily cycle ride to and from my work for eleven months, and then go off for three weeks of mountaineering without any danger of falling back into my former vice when I return.

But I did not at first cut down my diet to suit my sedentary habits. Perhaps that was why I developed appendicitis, which is a disease mainly affecting the overfed classes of society. As my appendix continued to trouble me, arrangements were made for my formal opening, and it was removed before an admiring audience of my pupils, who, being students of medicine, were privileged not merely to attend the operation, but to cut the peccant organ into sections for microscopic examination. Otherwise save for a complaint which delicacy forbids me to mention, but which I put down to the effects of India, my health has been excellent.

But I have cut down my food. I breakfast on porridge and milk, drink coffee in the middle of the

day, take four slices of bread and jam with my tea, and have my real meal at 8 P. M. My cook, although a Belgian, can make real Scottish porridge, besides many other good things, and I probably owe much of my good health to her ability.

I find that I have forgotten to mention colds. I was brought up to sleep with the window open, and had about a cold a month throughout the winter. Since I married, my bedroom window is shut in cold weather, and I only get about two colds a year. Of course, when a number of people sleep in one room, the windows must be kept open. If this is not done, any one suffering from a great variety of diseases, including diphtheria and cerebro-spinal meningitis, will give it to the others. But except in over-crowded sleeping quarters or in hot weather, I do not believe in open windows at night.

This is the story of my health. But I do not for one moment suggest that what suits me would suit everyone else. Many people appear to become genuinely ill without exercise. For all I know, my nightly whisky and soda would poison Lady Astor or Mr. Foot. I do not prescribe for them ; nor do I see why they should prescribe for me. I have experimented on myself, and at times taken more beer, and other good things, smoked more tobacco, and done more work than was good for me. I know the symptoms of excess in each case, and I can stop before they come on. My advice to others is to take the obvious steps, such as vaccination, to avoid

infections, but apart from that, to study oneself in a scientific spirit, find out a way of life which suits one, and live according to it. The perspicacious reader will also have deduced that I do not take occasional lapses from health very seriously. Nor should he or she.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

CHARLES LAMB

I like to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washing not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow ; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise ?

I have a kindred yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses.

I reverence these young Africans of our growth, these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption ; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys) in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation ! to see a chit no bigger than oneself, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades ! to shudder with the idea that now, surely, he must be lost for ever !—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fulness of delight !)

running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to show which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth where the Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in the early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one, he avers, in London) for the vending of this wholesome and pleasant beverage, on the south side of Fleet Street—the only Salopian house—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my

stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney sweeper,—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals —cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house;* yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that

dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) Lamb the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time, when, in summer, between the expired and not yet relumined kitchen fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wishing to dissipate his o'ernight vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungentle fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is saloop—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and oh! I fear too often the envy of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups—nor the odious cry quick-reaching from street to street, of the fired chimney, invite rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace, the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out of the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him ?)—there he stood irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of

rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to 'air' them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet I must confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts, (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune out of many irreparable and hopeless defiliations.

In one of the state-beds of Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—encircled with

curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets interwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he saw there exhibited; so creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow and slept.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I had just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him; prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in

infancy, when he was used to be lapped by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting-place. By no other theory than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it) can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender but unseasonable sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of S. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quoted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable

hubbub of that vanity ; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary arbours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. James White as head waiter, had charge of the first table ; and myself, with a trusty companion, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing half-cursing 'the gentleman,' and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O, it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it 'must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating'—how he would re-

commend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—'The King'—'the Cloth'—which whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, 'May the Brush supersede the Laurel!' All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a 'Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,' which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be too squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

James White is extinct, and with his these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and missing him, reproach the altered feast of S. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

CHARLES LAMB

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description ;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither : that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me ? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that

you are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely ; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners ; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words—but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know that I am not : I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me ; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives ; it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monoply, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most

possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple—in that of the lady particularly : it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world ; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none ; nor wishes either, perhaps ; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we, who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company ; but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the

assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters !

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common.—

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let *them* look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

'Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children': so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. 'Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them': So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless :—let them be arrows, but not to gall and

stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double headed : they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room ; they are too noisy and boisterous, or Mr.—does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain ; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps eight, nine, ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging !

I know there is a proverb, 'Love me, love my dog' : that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can

make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him ; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character, and an essential being of themselves ; they are amiable or unamiable *per se* ; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly : they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. Oh ! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us ? This is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them ; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory ; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest. I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst ; one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage—if you did not come in on the wife's side—if you did not sneak into the house, in her train,

but where an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelve-month shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have searce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage.* With some limitations, they can endure that; but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings.*

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, but an oddity, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose;

till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humourist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony; that is where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you, by never qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to the kindly level of moderate esteem—that decent affection and complacent kindness towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of

you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character, was that which rivetted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, 'I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr.—as a great wit?' If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, 'This, my dear, is your good Mr.—!' One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess that she had often heard Mr.—speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like-looking man (I use her very words) the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more

than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour; I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versa*. I mean when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. Testacea, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr.—did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had Testacea kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of Cerasia, who at her

BEST AVAILABLE COPY

LORD CANTILUPE'S POLITICAL FAITH.

LOWES DICKINSON

'Why I went into politics? Why did I? I'm sure I don't know. Certainly I wasn't intended for it. I was intended for a country gentleman, and I hope for the rest of my life to be one; which, perhaps, if I were candid, is the real reason of my retirement. But I was pushed into politics when I was young, as a kind of family duty; and once in it's very hard to get out again. I'm coming out now because, among other things, there's no longer any place for me. Toryism is dead. And I, as you justly describe me, am a Tory. But you want to know why? Well, I don't know that I can tell you. Perhaps I ought to be able to. Remenham, I know, will give you the clearest possible account of why he is a Liberal. But then Remenham has principles; and I have only prejudices. I am a Tory because I was born one, just as another man is a Radical because he was born one. But Remenham, I believe, is a Liberal, because he has convinced himself that he ought to be one. I admire him for it, but I am quite unable to understand him. And, for my part, if I am to defend, or rather to explain myself, I can only do so by explaining my prejudices. And really I am glad to have the opportunity of doing so, if

only because it is a satisfaction occasionally to say what one thinks; a thing which has become impossible in public life.

'The first of my prejudices is that I believe in inequality. I'm not at all sure that that is a prejudice confined to myself—most people seem to act upon it in practice, even in America. But I not only recognize the fact, I approve the ideal of inequality. I don't want, myself, to be the equal of Darwin or of the German Emperor; and I don't see why anybody should want to be my equal. I like a society properly ordered in ranks and classes. I like my butcher to take off his hat to me, and I like, myself, to stand bareheaded in the presence of the Queen. I don't know that I'm better or worse than the village carpenter; but I'm different; and I like him to recognize that fact, and to recognize it myself. In America, I am told, every one is always informing you, in everything they do and say, directly or indirectly, that they are as good as you are. That isn't true, and if it were, it isn't good manners to keep saying it. I prefer a society where people have places and know them. They always do have places in any possible society; only, in a democratic society, they refuse to recognize them; and, consequently social relations are much ruder, more unpleasant, and less humane than they are, or used to be, in England. That is my first prejudice; and it follows, of course, that I hate the whole democratic movement. I see no sense in pretending

to make people equal politically when they're unequal in every other respect. Do what you may, it will always be a few people that will govern. And the only real result of the extension of the franchise has been to transfer political power from the landlords to the trading classes and the wire-pullers. Well, I don't think the change is a good one. And that brings me to my second prejudice, a prejudice against trade. I don't mean, of course, that we can do without it. A country must have wealth, though I think we were a much better country when we had less than we have now. Nor do I dispute that there are to be found excellent, honourable, and capable men of business. But I believe that the pursuit of wealth tends to unfit men for the service of the state. And I sympathize with the somewhat extreme view of the ancient world that those who are engaged in trade ought to be excluded from public functions. I believe in government by gentlemen ; and the word gentleman I understand in the proper, old-fashioned English sense, as a man of independent means, brought up from his boyhood in the atmosphere of public life, and destined either for the army, the navy, the Church, or Parliament. It was that kind of man that made Rome great, and that made England great in the past ; and I don't believe that a country will ever be great which is governed by merchants and shopkeepers and artisans. Not because they are not, or may not be, estimable people ; but because their occupations and manner of

life unfit them for public service.

'Well, that is the kind of feeling—I won't call it a principle—which determined my conduct in public life. And you will remember that it seemed to be far more possible to give expression to it when first I entered politics than it is now. Even after the first Reform Act—which, in my opinion, was conceived upon the wrong lines—the landed gentry still governed England; and if I could have had my way they would have continued to do so. It wasn't really parliamentary reform that was wanted; it was better and more intelligent government. And such government the then ruling class was capable of supplying, as is shown by the series of measures passed in the 'thirties' and 'forties' the new Poor Law and the Public Health Acts and the rest. Even the repeal of the Corn Laws shows at least how capable they were of sacrificing their own interests to the nation; though otherwise I consider that measure the greatest of their blunders. I don't profess to be a political economist, and I am ready to take it from those whose business it is to know that our wealth has been increased by Free Trade. But no one has ever convinced me, though many people have tried, that the increase of wealth ought to be the sole object of a nation's policy. And it is surely as clear as day that the policy of Free Trade has dislocated the whole structure of our society. It has substituted a miserable city-proletariat for healthy labourers on the soil; it has transferred the great

bulk of wealth from the country-gentlemen to the traders; and in so doing it has more and more transferred power from those who had the tradition of using it to those who have no tradition at all except that of accumulation. The very thing which I should have thought must be the main business of a statesman—the determination of the proper relations of classes to one another—we have handed over to the chances of competition. We have abandoned the problem in despair, instead of attempting to solve it; with the result, that our population—so it seems to me—is daily degenerating before our eyes, in physique, in morals, in taste, in everything that matters; while we console ourselves with the increasing aggregate of our wealth. Free Trade, in my opinion, was the first great betrayal by the governing class of the country and themselves, and the second was the extension of the franchise. I do not say that I would not have made any change at all in the parliamentary system that had been handed down to us. But I would never have admitted, even implicitly, that every man has a right to vote, still less that all have an equal right. For society, say what we may, is not composed of individuals but of classes; and by classes it ought to be represented. I would have enfranchised peasants, artisans, merchants, manufacturers, as such, taking as my unit the interest, not the individual, and assigning to each so much weight as would enable its influence to be felt, while preserving to the landed gentry their

preponderance. That would have been difficult, no doubt, but it would have been worth doing ; whereas it was, to my mind, as foolish as it was easy simply to add new batches of electors, till we shall arrive, I do not doubt, at what, in effect, is universal suffrage, without having ever admitted to ourselves that we wanted to have it.

'But what has been done is final and irremediable. Henceforth, numbers, or rather those who control numbers, will dominate England ; and they will not be the men under whom hitherto she has grown great. For people like myself there is no longer a place in politics. And I am rather glad to know it. Those who have got us into the mess, must get us out of it. Probably they will do so in their own way ; but they will make, in the process, a very different England from the one I have known and understood and loved. We shall have a population of city people better fed and housed, I hope, than they are now, clever and quick and smart, living entirely by their heads, ready to turn out in a moment for use everything they know, but knowing really very little, and not knowing it very well. There will be fewer of the kind of people in whom I take pleasure, whom I like to regard as peculiarly English, and who are the products of the country-side ; fellows who grow like vegetables, and, without knowing how, put on sense as they put on flesh, by an unconscious process of assimilation; who will stand for an hour at a time watching a horse or

a pig, with stolid moon-faces as motionless as a pond: the sort of men that visitors from town imagine to be stupid because they take five minutes to answer a question and then probably answer by asking another; but who have stored up in them a wealth of experience far too extensive and complicated for them ever to have taken account of it. They live by their instincts, not their brains; but their instincts are the slow deposit of long years of practical dealing with Nature. That is the kind of man I like. And I like to live among them in the way I do—in a traditional relation which it never occurs to them to resent, any more than it does me to abuse it. That sort of relation you can't create; it has to grow, and to be handed down from father to son. The new men who come on the land never manage to establish it. They bring with them the isolation which is the product of cities. They have no idea of any tie except that of wages; the notion of neighbourliness they do not understand. And that reminds me of a curious thing. People go to town for society; but I have always found that there is no real society except in the country. We may be stupid there, but we belong to a scheme of things which embodies the wisdom of generations. We meet not in drawing-rooms, but in the hunting-field, on the country-bench, at dinners of tenants or farmers' associations. Our private business is intermixed with our public. Our occupation does not involve competition; and the daily performance

of its duties we feel to be in itself a kind of national service. That is an order of things which I understand and admire, as my fathers understood and admired it before me. And that is why I am a Tory; not because of any opinions I hold, but because that is my character. I stood for Toryism while it meant something; and now that it means nothing, though I stand for it no longer, still I can't help being it. The England that is will last my time; the England that is to be does not interest me; and it is as well that I should have nothing to do with directing it.

'I don't know whether that is sufficient account of the question I was told to answer; but it's the best I can make, and I think it ought to suffice. I always imagine myself saying to God, if He asks me to give an account of myself, "Here I am, as you made me. You can take me or leave me. If I had to live again I would live just so. And if you want me to live differently, you must make me different." I have championed a losing cause, and I am sorry it has lost. But I do not break my heart over it. I can still live for the rest of my days the life I respect and enjoy. And I am content to leave the nation in the hands of Remenham, who, as I see, is all impatience to reply to my heresies.'

MAN'S DESTINY.

J. B. S. HALDANE

If, as I am inclined to suspect, the human will is to some extent free, there is no such thing as a destiny of the human race. There is a choice of destinies. Even if our actions are irrevocably predetermined, we do not know our destiny. In either case, however, we can point to a limited number of probable fates for our species.

First let us consider the stage for our drama. The earth has existed for over a thousand million years.

During most of this period its surface temperature has not been very different from that now prevailing. The sun has not cooled down appreciably during that time, and it will probably be only a little cooler a million million years hence, though somewhere about that time it is quite likely that the earth's surface will be destroyed owing to the disruption of the moon by tidal forces.

Six hundred million years ago our ancestors were worms, ten thousand years ago they were savages. Both these periods are negligible compared with our possible future. Provided, therefore, that man has a future lasting for more than a few million years, we can at once say that our descendants may, for

anything we can see to the contrary, excel us a great deal more than we excel worms or jellyfish.

There are, however, special alternatives to this prospect. A catastrophe of an astronomical order, such as a collision with a stray heavenly body, is unlikely. The earth has lasted a long time without any such disasters. The sun may possibly swell up temporarily, as similar stars occasionally do. In this case the human race will be very rapidly roasted. A disease may arise which will wipe out all or almost all mankind. But there is nothing in science to make such up-to-date versions of the Apocalypse very probable.

Even if man does not perish in this dramatic manner, there is no reason why civilization should not do so. All civilization apparently goes back to a common source less than ten thousand years ago, possibly in Egypt. It is a highly complicated invention which has probably been made only once. If it perished it might never be made again.

When in the past its light was extinguished in one area—for example, when the Angles and Saxons wrecked Roman Britain—it could be lit again from elsewhere, as our savage ancestors were civilized from Italy and Ireland.

A modern war followed by revolutions might destroy it all over the planet. If weapons are as much improved in the next century as in the last, this will probably happen. But unless atomic energy can be tapped, which is wildly unlikely, we know

that it will never be possible to box up very much more rapidly available energy in a given place than we can already box up in a high explosive shell, nor has any vapour much more poisonous than 'mustard gas' been discovered in the forty-one years that have elapsed since that substance was first produced. I think, therefore, that the odds are slightly against such a catastrophic end of civilization.

But civilization as we know it is a poor thing. And if it is to be improved there is no hope save in science. A hundred and forty years ago, men, women and children were hanged in England for stealing any property valued at over a shilling, miners were hereditary slaves in Scotland, criminals were publicly and legally tortured to death in France. Europe was definitely rather worse off, whether in health, wealth or morals, than the Roman Empire under Antoninus Pius in A. D. 150.

Since then we have improved very greatly in all these respects. We are far from perfect, but we live about twice as long, and we do not hang starving children for stealing food, raid the coast of Africa for slaves, or imprison debtors for life. These advances are the direct and indirect consequences of science. Physics and chemistry have made us rich, biology healthy, and the application of scientific thought to ethics by such men as Bentham has done more than any dozen saints to make us good. The process can only continue if science continues.

And pure science is a delicate plant. It has

never flowered in Spain, and to-day it is almost dead in Italy. Everywhere there are strong forces working against it. Even where research is rewarded, the usual reward is a professorship with a full-time programme of teaching and administration. The bacteriologist can most easily earn a title and a fortune if he deserts research for medical practice. The potential physicist or chemist can often quadruple his income by taking up engineering or manufacture. In biology and psychology many lines of research are forbidden by law or public opinion. If science is to improve man as it has improved his environment, the experimental method must be applied to him. It is quite likely that the attempt to do so will rouse such fierce opposition that science will again be persecuted as it has been in the past.

Such persecution might quite well be successful, especially if it is supported by religion. A world-wide religious revival, whether Christian or not, would probably succeed in suppressing experimental inquiry into the human mind, which offers the only serious hope of improving it. Again, if scientific psychology and eugenics are used as weapons by one side in a political struggle, their opponents, if successful, will stamp them out. I think that it is quite as likely as not that scientific research may ultimately be strangled in some such way as this before mankind has learnt to control its own evolution.

If so, evolution will take its course. And that course has generally been downwards. The majority

of species have degenerated and become extinct, or, what is perhaps worse, gradually lost many of their functions. The ancestors of oysters and barnacles had heads. Snakes have lost their limbs, and ostriches and penguins their power of flight. Man may just as easily lose his intelligence.

It is only a very few species that have developed into something higher. It is unlikely that man will do so unless he desires to and is prepared to pay the cost. If, as appears to be the case at present in Europe and North America, the less intelligent of our species continue to breed more rapidly than the able, we shall probably go the way of the dodo and the kiwi. We do not as yet know enough to avert this fate. If research continues for another two centuries, it is probable that we shall. But if, as is likely enough, the welfare of our descendants in the remote future can only be realized at a very considerable sacrifice of present happiness and liberty, it does not follow that such a sacrifice will be made.

It is quite likely that after a golden age of happiness and peace, during which all the immediately available benefits of science will be realized, mankind will very gradually deteriorate.

Genius will become ever rarer, our bodies a little weaker, in each generation ; culture will slowly decline, and in a few thousand or a few hundred thousand years—it does not much matter which—mankind will return to barbarism, and finally become extinct.

If this happens, I venture to hope that we shall not have destroyed the rat, an animal of considerable enterprise, which stands as good a chance as any other of evolving towards intelligence.

In the rather improbable event of man taking his own evolution in hand,—in other words of improving human nature, as opposed to environment—I can see no bounds at all to his progress. Less than a million years hence, the average man or woman will realize all the possibilities that human life has so far shown. He or she will never know a minute's illness. He will be able to think like Newton, to write like Racine, to paint like Van Dyck, to compose like Bach. He will be as incapable of hatred as S. Francis, and when death comes at the end of a life probably measured in thousands of years he will meet it with as little fear as Captain Oates or Arnold von Winkelried. And every minute of his life will be lived with all the passion of a lover or a discoverer. We can form no idea whatever of the exceptional men of such a future.

Man will certainly attempt to leave the earth. The first voyagers into interstellar space will die. There is no reason why their successors should not succeed in colonizing some, at least, of the other planets, of our system, and ultimately the planets, if such exist, revolving round other stars than our sun. There is no theoretical limit to man's material progress but the subjection to complete conscious control of every atom and every quantum of radiation

in the universe. There is, perhaps, no limit at all to his intellectual and spiritual progress.

But, whether any of these possibilities will be realized depends, as far as we can see, very largely on the events of the next few centuries. If scientific research is regarded as a useful adjunct to the army, the factory, or the hospital, and not as of all things most supremely worth doing both for its own sake and that of its results, it is probable that the decisive steps will never be taken. And unless he can control his own evolution, as he is learning to control that of his domestic plants and animals, man and all his works will go down into oblivion and darkness.

a very forgetful ness good essay

THE SOUL AND GOD.

R. W. EMERSON

'But souls that of His own good life partake
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye
They are to Him: He'll never them forsake;
When they shall die, then God Himself shall die;
They live, they live, in blest eternity.'

There is a difference between one and another hour of life, in their authority and subsequent effect. Our faith comes in moments; our vice is habitual. Yet is there a depth in those brief moments, which constrains us to ascribe more reality to them than to all other experiences. For this reason, the argument, which is always forthcoming to silence those who conceive extraordinary hopes of man, namely the appeal to experience, is for ever invalid and vain. A mightier hope abolishes despair. We give up the past to the objector and yet we hope. He must explain this hope. We grant that human life is mean; but how did we find out that it was mean? What is the ground of this discontent of ours—of this old uneasiness? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance, but the fine innuendo by which the great soul makes its enormous claim? Why do men feel that the natural history of man has never

been written, but always he is leaving behind what you have said of him, and it becomes old, and books of metaphysics worthless? The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiments there has always remained, in the last analysis, a residuum it could not resolve. Man is a stream whose source is hidden. Always our being is descending into us from we know not whence. The most exact calculator has no prescience that somewhat incalculable may not baulk the very next moment. I am constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin for events than the will I call mine.

As with events, so it is with thoughts. When I watch that flowing river, which, out of regions I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner—not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water; that I desire and look up and put myself in the attitude of reception, but from some alien energy the visions come.

The Supreme Critic on all the errors of the past and the present, and the only prophet of that which must be, is that great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that Unity, that Over-soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all

right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains everyone to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character and not from his tongue; and which evermore tends and aims to pass into our thoughts and hands and becomes wisdom, and virtue and power and beauty. We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul. It is only by the vision of that wisdom, that the horoscope of the ages can be read, and it is only by falling back on our better thoughts, by yielding to the spirit of prophecy which is innate in every man, that we can know what it saith. Every-man's words, who speaks from that life, must sound vain to those who do not dwell in the same thought on their own part. I dare not speak for it. My words do not carry its august sense; they fall short and cold. Only itself can inspire whom it will; and behold! their speech shall be lyrical, and sweet, and universal as the rising of the wind. Yet I desire,

even by profane words, if sacred I may not use, to indicate the heaven of this deity, and to report what hints I have collected of the transcendent simplicity and energy of the Highest Law.

If we consider what happens in conversation, in reveries, in remorse, in times of passion, in surprises, in the instructions of dreams wherein often we see ourselves in masquerade,—the droll disguises only magnifying and enhancing a real element, and forcing it on our distinct notice,—we shall catch many hints that will broaden and lighten into knowledge of the secret of nature. All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function, like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison,—but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will;—is the vast background of our being, in which they lie—an immensity not possessed; and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing but the light is all. A man is the facade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend. When it breathes through his intellect,

it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love. And the blindness of the intellect begins when it would be something of itself. The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself. All reform aims, in some one particular, to let the great soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey.

Of this pure nature every man is at some time sensible. Language cannot paint it with his colours. It is too subtle. It is undefinable, immeasurable, but we know that it pervades and contains us. We know that all spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb says, 'God comes to see us without bell,': that is, as there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to all the attributes of God. Justice we see and know, Love, Freedom, Power. These natures no man ever got above, but always they tower over us, and meet in the moment when our interests tempt us to wound them.

The sovereignty of this nature whereof we speak, is made known by its independency of those limitations which circumscribe us on every hand. The soul circumscribes all things. As I have said, it contradicts all experience. In like manner it abolishes time and space. The influence of the sense

has, in most men, over-powered the mind to that degree, that the walls of time and space have come to look solid, real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the sign of insanity. Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul. A man is capable of abolishing them both. The spirit sports with time—

> Can crowd eternity into an hour,
> Or stretch an hour into eternity.

We are often made to feel that there is another age and youth than that which is measured from our natural birth. Some thoughts always find us young and keep us so. Such a thought is the love of the universal and eternal beauty. Every man parts from that contemplation with the feeling that it rather belongs to ages than to mortal life. The least activity of the intellectual powers redeems us in a degree from the influences of time. In sickness, in languor, give us a strain of poetry or a profound sentence, and we are refreshed; or produce a volume of Plato, or Shakespeare, or remind us of their names, and instantly we come into a feeling of longevity. See how the deep, divine thought demolishes centuries, and milleniums, and makes itself present through all ages. Is the teaching of Christ less effective now than when it was first uttered? The emphasis of facts and persons to my soul has nothing to do with time. And so, always, the soul's scale is one; the scale of the senses and the under-

standing is another. Before the great revelations of the soul Time, Space, and Nature shrink away. In common speech, we refer all things to time, as we habitually refer the immensely sundered stars to one concave sphere.

And so we say that the Judgment is distant or near, that the Millenium approaches, that a day of certain moral, political, social reforms is at hand, and the like, when we mean that, in the nature of things, one of the facts we contemplate is external and fugitive, and the other is permanent and connate with the soul. The things we do not esteem fixed, shall, one by one, detach themselves, like ripe fruit from our experience, and fall. The wind shall blow them none knows whither. The landscape, the figures, Boston, London, are facts as fugitive as any institution past, or any whiff of smoke or mist; and so is society, and so is the world. The soul looketh steadily forwards, creating a world always before her, and leaving worlds always behind her. She has no dates, no rites, nor persons nor specialities, nor men. The soul knows only the soul. All else is idle weeds for her wearing.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

JULIAN HUXLEY

This is a difficult subject, not one that is easy to discuss fully and frankly without arousing angry emotions or bruising intimate and sacred feelings. Yet the task is one which ought to be attempted. In this country at least we believe in religious freedom. And religious freedom implies the right of everyone to believe what he wants in matters of religion, and to proclaim his belief freely and openly. Provided that a man treats of these things honestly and sincerely, with no desire to sneer at or provoke others, those who differ from him have indeed no right to feel angry or to feel hurt.

I have devoted most of my life to science. This has been largely because I am so made that I want to know about things ; I cannot help valuing knowledge for its own sake, or finding interest and excitement in the pursuit of new knowledge. But I would not continue to devote my energies to science if I did not believe that science was also useful, and indeed, absolutely indispensable to human progress. It is the only means by which man can go on increasing his power over nature and over the destiny of his race. On the other hand, without being an adherent of any sect, orthodox or unorthodox, I have always

been deeply interested in religion, and believe that religious feeling is one of the most powerful and important of human attributes. So here I do not think of myself as a representative of science, but want to talk as a human being who believes that both the scientific and the religious spirit are of the utmost value.

No one would deny that science has had a great effect on the religious outlook. If I were asked to sum up this effect as briefly as possible, I should say it was two-fold. In the first place, scientific discoveries have entirely altered our general picture of the universe and of man's position in it. And, secondly, the application of scientific method to the study of religion has given us a new science, the science of comparative religion, which has profoundly changed our general views on religion itself. To my mind, this second development is in many ways the more important of the two and I shall begin by trying to explain why. There was a time when religions were divided into two categories, the true and the false; one true religion, revealed by God, and a mass of false ones, inspired by the Devil. Milton has given expression to this idea in his beautiful 'Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity'. This view, unfortunately was held by the adherents of a number of different religions, not only by Christians, but also by Jews, Mohammedans and others. And with the growth of intelligent tolerance many people began to feel doubtful about the truth of such mutually

contradictory statements. But the rise of the science of comparative religion made any such belief virtually impossible. After a course of reading in that subject, you might still believe that your own religion was the best of all religions; but you would have a very queer intellectual construction if you still believed that it alone was good and true, while all others were merely false and bad.

I would say that the most important contribution which the comparative study of religions has made to general thought is broadly this. We can no longer look on religions as fixed: there is a development in religion as there is in law or science or political institutions. Nor can we look on religions as really separate systems; different religions interconnect and contribute elements to one another. Christianity, for instance, [illegible] only to Judaism, but also to th[illegible] religions of the near East, [illegible] appear as different embodiments [illegible] ligious spirit of man, some primitive and crude, some advanced and elaborate, some degenerate and some progressive, some cruel or unenlightened, some noble and beautiful, but all forming part of the one general process of man's religious development.

But does there really exist a single religious spirit? Are there really any common elements to be found in Quakerism, say, and the fear-ridden fetishism of the Congo, or in the mysticism and

renunciation of pure Buddhism and the ghastly cruelties of the religion of ancient Mexico? Here, too, comparative study helps us to an answer. The religious spirit is by no means always the same at different times and different levels of culture. But it always contains certain common elements. Somewhere at the root of every religion there lies a sense of sacredness; certain things, events, ideas, beings are felt as mysterious and sacred. Somewhere, too in every religion is a sense of dependence; man is surrounded by forces and powers which he does not understand, and cannot control, and he desires to put himself into harmony with them. And, finally, into every religion there enters a desire for explanation and comprehension; man knows himself surrounded by mysteries, yet he is always demanding that they shall make sense.

The existence of the sense of sacredness is the most basic of these common elements; it is the core of any feeling which can properly be called religious, and without it man would not have any religion at all. The desire to be in harmony with mysterious forces and powers on which man feels himself dependent is responsible for the expression of religious feeling in action, whether in the sphere of ritual or that of morals. And the desire for comprehension is responsible for the explanations of the nature and government of the universe, and of the relations between it and human destiny, which in their developed forms we call theology.

This is all very well, some of my listeners will have been saying to themselves, but there has been no mention of God and no mention of immortality; surely the worship of some god or gods, and the belief in some kind of future life are essentials of religion? Here again, comparative religion corrects us. Those are undoubtedly very general elements of religion; but they are not universal, and therefore, not essential to the nature of religion. In pure Buddhism there is no mention of God; and the Buddhist's chief preoccupation is to escape continued existence, not to achieve it. Many primitive religions think in terms of impersonal sacred forces permeating nature; and personal gods controlling the world either do not exist for them, or, if they do, are thought of vaguely as creators or as remote as final causes, and are not worshipped. And a certain number of primitive people either have no belief at all in life after death, or believe that it is enjoyed only by chiefs and a few other important persons.

The three elements I have spoken of seem to be the basic elements of all religions. But the ways in which they are worked out in actual practice are amazingly diverse. To bring order into the study of the hundreds of different religions known, we must have recourse to the principle of development. But before embarking on this I must clear up one point. I said that an emotion of sacredness was at the bottom of the religious spirit. So it is; but we must extend the ordinary meaning of the word

'sacred' a little if we are to cover the facts. For the emotion I am trying to pin down in words is a complex one which contains elements of wonder, a sense of the mysterious, a feeling of dependence or helplessness, and either fear or respect. And not only can these ingredients be blended with each other and with still further elements in very different proportions, so as to give in one case awe, in another case superstitious terror; in one case quiet reverence, in another ecstatic self-abandonment; but the resulting emotion can be felt about what is horrifying or even evil, as well as about what is noble or inspiring. Indeed, the majority of the gods and fetishes of various primitive tribes are regarded as evil or at least malevolent; and yet this quality which I have called sacredness most definitely adheres to them. We really want two words—'good-sacred' and 'bad-sacred.' It will perhaps, help to explain what I mean if I remind you that Coleridge in 'Kubla Khan' uses the word holy in this same equivocal way, of the 'deep romantic chasm' in Xanadu.

> A savage place, as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon-lover.

In most primitive religions the two feelings are intimately blended, and equally balanced; it is only later that the idea of the 'good-sacred' gets the upper hand and the 'bad-sacred' dwindles into a subordinate position, as applied to witchcraft for instance, or

to a Devil who is inferior to God in power as well as goodness. Don't be impatient at my spending some time over these barbaric roots of religion. They may not at first sight seem to have anything to do with our modern perplexities, but they are, as a matter of fact, of real importance, partly because they are fundamental to our idea of what religion is, partly because they represent the base-line, so to speak, from which we must measure religious development. And I repeat that the idea of development in religion is, perhaps the most important contribution of science to our problem.

In least developed religions, then, it is universally agreed that magic is dominant. And by magic is meant the idea that mysterious properties and powers inhere in things or events, and that these powers can be in some measure controlled by appropriate formulæ or ritual acts.

It is also universally agreed that the ideas behind magic are not true. Primitive man has projected his own ideas and feelings into the world about him. He thinks that what we should call lifeless and mindless objects are animated by some sort of spirit ; and because they have aroused an emotion of fear or mystery in him he thinks that they are themselves the seat of a mysterious and terrifying power of spiritual nature. He has also used false methods in his attempts at achieving control ; an obvious example is the use of 'sympathetic magic,' as when hunting savages kill game in effigy, believ-

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ing that this will help them to kill it in reality.

But, though this is demonstrably false, a good many magic beliefs still linger on, whether still entwined with religion, or disentangled from it as mere isolated superstition, like the superstitions about good and bad luck, charms and mascots. Anyone who really believes in the efficacy of such luck-bringers is in that respect reasoning just as do the great majority of savages about most of their life.

As I said before, in the magic stage, gods may play but a small part in religion. The next great step is for the belief in magic to grow less important, that in gods to become dominant. Instead of impersonal magic-power inherent in objects, man thinks of beings, akin to himself, controlling objects that are themselves inanimate.

When we study different religions at the beginning of this stage, we find an extraordinary diversity of gods being worshipped. Man has worshipped gods in the semblance of animals; gods that are represented as half-human and half-bestial; gods that are obviously deified heroes (in Imperial Rome even living emperors were accorded divine honours) gods that are the personification of natural objects of forces, like sun-gods, river-gods, or fertility-gods; tribal gods that preside over the fortunes of the community; gods that personify human ideals, like gods of wisdom; gods that preside over human activities like gods of love or war.

From these beginnings, progress has been mainly in two directions—ethical and logical. Beginning often by assigning barbaric human qualities to deity, qualities such as jealousy, anger, cruelty or even voluptuousness, men have gradually been brought to higher conceptions. Jehovah was thought of in very different terms after the time of the Hebrew prophets. His more spiritual and universal aspects came to be stressed in place of the less spiritual and more tribal aspects which appealed to the earlier Jews. Many freely in the great age of Greece revolted against the traditional Greek theology which made the gods lie and desire to cheat like men. A great many Christians have put away the traditional idea of Hell from their theology because they hold fast to a more merciful view of God. We may put the matter briefly by saying that, as man's ethical sense developed, he found it impossible to go on ascribing 'bad-sacred' elements to Divine personality, and came to hold an ethically higher idea of God.

On the logical side the natural trend has been towards unity and universality. You must acknowledge that the many incomplete and partial gods of polytheism give place to a complete and single God; waning tribal gods give place to the universal God of all the world. What exactly this means, whether man, as his powers develop, is seeing new aspects of God which previously he could not grasp, whether he is investing with his own ideas something which is essentially unknowable, or

whether, as some very radical thinkers believe, the concept of God is a personification of impersonal powers and forces in nature, it is not possible to discuss here. What is assuredly true is that man's idea of God gradually alters, and becomes more exalted. Theology develops; and with the change in theology, religious feeling and practice alter too.

At the moment a new difficulty is cropping up as a result of the progress of science. If nature really works according to universal automatic law then God regarded as a ruler or governor of the universe, is much more remote from us and the world's affairs than earlier ages imagined. Modern theology is meeting this by stressing the idea of divine immanence in the minds and ideals of men. But this and other possible solutions of this very real difficulty I have no time to discuss, and can only hope that other speakers in this series will treat of them.

Here I must get back to the general idea of religious development. There is one rather curious fast about this. The intensity of religious feeling may be as great, the firmness of belief as strong in the lowest religions, as they are in the highest. The difference between a low and a high religion is due to the ethical and moral and intellectual ideas that are interwoven with the religious spirit, that colour it and alter the way it expresses itself in action. The spiritual insight of the Hebrew prophets could not tolerate the idea that material

sacrifices and burnt offerings were the best means of propitiating God, and they inaugurated a new and higher stage in Hebrew religion, epitomized in the words of the psalmist: 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken spirit and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.' Jesus could not tolerate the idea that forms and ritual observances were the road to salvation, and inaugurated not only a new religion but a new phase in world history by His insistence on purity of heart and self-sacrifice, epitomized in the words—'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' Paul could not tolerate the idea that God would offer salvation to one nation only, and made of Christianity a world-religion.

Those are cases where the new insight was from the start applied directly to religion. But often new ideas begin their career quite independently of religion, and only later come to influence it. Orthodox religion, for instance, was on the whole favourable to the institution of slavery.

The abolition of slavery was due at least as much to new humanitarian and social ideas often regarded as heterodox or even subversive, as to religious sentiment. But the change in public sentiment once effected, it had a marked effect on religious outlook. The same sort of thing could be said about our changed ideas on the use of torture, on the treatment of criminals, prisoners and paupers and insane people, and many other subjects.

But it is in the intellectual sphere, during the

last few centuries at least, that changes which in origin were unrelated to religion have had the most considerable effect upon the religious outlook. Those who are interested will find a lucid and thought-provoking treatment of the whole subject in Mr. Langdon-Davies's new book, *Man and His Universe.* Here I must content myself with two brief examples. When Kepler showed that the planets moved in ellipses instead of circles, when Galileo discovered the craters on the moon, spots on the sun, or showed that new fixed stars could appear, their discoveries were not as indifferent to religion as might have been supposed. On the contrary they had as much influence on the religious outlook of their day as had the ideas of Darwin on the religious outlook of the Victorian age, or as the ideas of Freud are having on that of our own times. For to the Middle Ages, a circle was a perfect form, an ellipse an imperfect one: and the planets ought to move in circles to justify the perfection of God. So, too, medieval religious thought was impregnated with the idea (which dates back to Aristotle) that change and imperfection were properties of the sublunary sphere—the earth alone. All the heavenly regions and bodies were both perfect and changeless. So that the discoveries of imperfections, like the sun's spots or the moon's pock-marks, or of celestial changes like the birth of a new star, meant an overhauling of all kinds of fundamental ideas in the theology of the time.

As a second example, take Newton. We are so used to the idea of gravity that we forget what a revolution in thought was caused by Newton's discoveries. Put simply, the change was this. Before Newton's time, men supposed that the planets and their satellites had to be, in some way, perpetually guided and controlled in their courses by some extraneous power, and this power was almost universally supposed to be the hand of God. Then came Newton, and showed that no such guidance or controlling power was, as a matter of fact, needed; granted the universal property of gravity, the planets could not help circling as they did. (For theology, this meant that men should no longer think of God as continually controlling the details of the working of the heavenly bodies; as regards their aspect of the governance of the universe) God have to be thought of as one removed farther away, as the designer and creator of a machine which, once designed and created, needed no further control. And this new conception did as a matter of historical fact, exert a great influence on religious thought, which culminated in Paley early in the last century.

It is considerations like these which lead us on to what is usually called the conflict between science and religion. If what I have been saying has any truth in it, however, it is not a conflict between science and religion at all, but between science and theology. The reason it is often looked on as a conflict of science and religion is that the system

of ideas and explanations and reasonings which crystallizes out as theology tends to become tinged with the feeling of sacredness which is at the heart of religion. It thus gets looked on as itself sacred, not to be interfered with, and does, in point of fact, become an integral part of the particular religion at its particular stage of development. So we may, if we like, say that science can be in conflict with particular stages of particular religions, though it cannot possibly be in conflict with religion in general.

Now the man of science, if he is worth his salt, has a definitely religious feeling about truth. In other words, truth to him is sacred, and he refuses to believe that any religious system is right or can satisfy man in his capacity of truth-seeker if it denies or even pays no attention to the new truths which generations of patient scientific workers painfully and laboriously wrest from nature. You may call this a provocative attitude if you like; but on this single point the scientist refuses to give way, for to do so would be for him to deny himself and the faith that is in him—the faith in the value of discovering more of the truth about the universe. He knows quite well that what he has so far discovered is the merest fraction of what there is to know, that many of his explanations will be superseded by the progress of knowledge in the future. But he also knows that the accumulated effect of scientific work has been to produce a steady increase in the sum total of

knowledge, a steady increase in the accuracy of the scientific explanation of what is known. In other words, scientific discovery is never complete, but always progressive ; it is always giving us a closer approximation to truth.

Thus, knowing as he does that both science and religion have grown and developed, and believing that they should continue to do so, he does not feel he is being subversive, but only progressive in what he asks. And what he asks is that religion, on its theological side, shall continue to take account of the changes and expansions of the picture of the universe which science is drawing. I say *continue*, for it has done so in the past, although often grudgingly enough. It gave up the idea of a flat earth ; it gave up the idea that the earth was the centre of the universe, or that planets moved in perfect circles; it gave up the idea of a material heaven above a dome-like sky, and accepted the idea of an enormous space peopled with huge numbers of suns, and indeed with other groups of suns each comparable to what we for long thought was the whole universe ; it accepted Newton's discovery that the heavenly bodies need no guidance in their courses and the discoveries of the nineteenth-century physicists and chemists about the nature of matter ; it has abandoned the idea that the world is only a few thousand years old, and accepted the time-scale discovered by geology. And it finds itself no worse off for having shed these worn-out intellectual garments. But there are still many

discoveries of science which it has not yet woven into its theological scheme. Only certain of the Churches have accepted Evolution, though this was without doubt the most important single new idea of the nineteenth century. It has not yet assimilated recent advances in scientific knowledge of the brain and the physiology of sex. And, in a great many cases, while accepting scientific discoveries, it has only gone half-way in recasting its theology to meet the new situation.

But whatever this or that religion may choose to do with new knowledge, man's destiny and his relation to the forces and powers of the world about him are, and must always be, the chief concerns of religion. It is for this reason that any light which science can shed on the nature and working of man and the nature and working of his environment cannot help being relevant to religion.

What, then, is the picture which science draws of the universe today, the picture which religion must take account of (with due regard, of course, for the fact that the picture is incomplete), in its theology and general outlook? It is, I think, somewhat as follows. It is the picture of a universe in which matter and energy, time and space, are not what they seem to common sense, but interlock and overlap in the most puzzling way. A universe of appalling vastness, appalling age, and appalling meaninglessness. The only trend we can perceive in the universe as a whole is a trend towards a final uniformity,

when no energy will be available, a state of cosmic death.)

Within this universe, however, on one of the smaller satellites of one of its millions of millions of suns, a different trend is in progress. It is the trend we call evolution, and it has consisted first in the genesis of being out of non-living matter, and then in steady but slow progress of this living matter towards greater efficiency, greater harmony of construction, greater control over and independence of its environment. And this slow progress has culminated, in very recent times, geologically speaking, in the person of man and his societies. This is the objective side of the trend of life ; but it has another side. It has been a trend towards greater activity and intensity of mind, towards greater capacities for knowing, feeling and proposing ; and here, too, man is pre-eminent.

The curious thing is that both these trends of the world of lifeless matter as a whole, and of the world of life on this planet, operate with the same materials. The matter of which living things are composed is the same as that in the lifeless earth and the most distant stars : the energy by which they work is part of the same general reservoir which sets the stars shining, drives a motor-car, and moves the planets or the tides. There is, in fact, only one world-stuff, only one flow of energy. And since man and life are part of this world-stuff, the properties of consciousness or something of the same nature as

consciousness must be attributes of the world-stuff, too, unless we are to drop any belief in continuity and uniformity in nature. The physicists and the chemists and the physiologists do not deal with these mind-like properties, for the simple reason that they have not so far discovered any method of detecting or measuring them directly. But the logic of evolution forces us to believe that they are there, even if in lowly form, throughout the universe. Finally, this universe which science depicts works uniformly and regularly. A particular kind of matter in a particular set of circumstances will always behave in the same way ; things work as they do, not because of inherent principles of perfection, not because they are guided from without, but because they happen to be so made that they cannot work in any other way. When we have found out something about the way things are made, so that we can prophesy how they will work we say we have discovered a natural law ; such laws, however, are not like human laws, imposed from without on objects, but are laws of the object's own being. And the laws governing the evolution of life seem to be as regular and automatic as those governing the movements of the planets.

In this universe lives man. He is a curious phenomenon : a piece of the universal world-stuff which as the result of long processes of change and strife has become intensely conscious—conscious of itself, of its relations with the rest of the world-stuff,

capable of consciously feeling, reasoning, describing, and planning. These capacities are the result of an astonishingly complicated piece of physical machinery —the cerebral hemispheres of the brain. The limitations to our capacities come from the construction of our brains and bodies which we receive through heredity; with someone else's body and brain, our development even in the same environment could have been different. And these differences in human capacity due to differences in inheritance may be enormous. The method of inheritance in men is identical in principle with the method of inheritance in poultry or flies or fish. And by means of further detailed knowledge we could control it and therefore control human capacity, which is only another way of saying that man has the power of controlling his own future; or, if you like to put it still more generally, that not only is he the highest product of evolution, but that, through his power of conscious reason he has become the trustee of the evolutionary process. His own future and that of the earth are in large measure in his hands. And that future extends for thousands of millions of years. Lastly, we must not forget to remind ourselves that we are relative beings. As products of evolution, our bodies and minds are what they are because they have been moulded in relation to the world in which we live. The very senses we possess are relative—for instance, we have no electric sense and no X-ray stimuli of any magnitude. The working of our minds,

too, is very far from absolute. Our reason often serves only as a means of finding reasons to justify our desires; our mental being, as modern psychology has shown, is a compromise—here antagonistic forces in conflict, there an undesirable element forcibly repressed, there again a disreputable motive emerging disguised. Our minds, in fact, like our bodies, are devices for helping us to get along somehow in the struggle for existence. Only by deliberate effort, and not always then, shall we be able to use our minds as instruments for attaining unvarnish truth, for practising disinterested virtue, for achieving true sincerity and purity of heart.

I do not know how religion will assimilate these facts and these ideas; but I am sure that in the long run it will assimilate them as it has assimilated Kepler and Galileo and Newton and his beginning to assimilate Darwin; and I am sure that the sooner the assimilation is effected, the better it will be for everybody concerned.

So far I have spoken almost entirely of the effect of science upon the religious outlook: of the effect of scientific method upon the study of religion itself, leading us to the idea of development in religion; and of the effect of scientific discoveries in general upon man's picture of the universe, which it is the business of religion to assimilate in its theology. Now I must say something about the limitations of science. Science, like art, or morality, or religion, is simply one way of handling the chaos of experience

which is the only immediate reality we know. Art, for instance handles experience in relation to the desire for beauty, or, if we want to put it more generally and philosophically, in relation to the desire for expressing feelings and ideas in aesthetically satisfying forms; accuracy of fact is and should be a secondary consideration. The annual strictures of the *Tailor and Cutter* on the men's costumes in the Academy portraits are more or less irrelevant to the question of whether the portraits are good pictures or bad pictures.

Science, on the other hand, deals with the chaos of experience from the point of view of efficient, intellectual and practical handling. Science is out to find laws and general rules, because the discovery of a single law or rule at once enables us to understand an indefinite number of individual happenings—as the single law of gravitation enables us to understand the fall of the apple, the movement of the planets, the tides, the return of comets, and innumerable other phenomena.

Science insists on continual verification by testing against facts, because the bitter expe rience of history is that without such constant testing, man's imagination and logical faculty run away with him and in the long run make a fool of him. And science has every confidence in these methods of hers because experience has demonstrated that they are the only ones by which man can hope to extend his control over nature and his own destiny. Science is

in the first instance merely disinterested curiosity, the desire to know for knowing's sake ; yet in the long run the new knowledge always brings practical power.

But science has two inherent limitations. First, it is incomplete or perhaps I had better say partial, just because it only concerns itself with intellectual handling and objective control. And secondly, it is morally and emotionally neutral. It sets out to describe, and to understand, not to appraise, not to assign values : the only value which it recognizes is that of truth and knowledge.

This neutrality of science in regard to emotions and moral and aesthetic values means that while in its own sphere of knowledge it is supreme, in other spheres it is only a method or a tool. What man shall do with the new facts, the new ideas, the new opportunities of control which science is showering upon him does not depend upon science, but upon what man wants to do with them ; and this in turn depends upon his scale of values. It is here that religion can become the dominant factor. For what religion can do is to set up a scale of values for conduct, and to provide emotional or spiritual driving force to help in getting them realized in practice. On the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the scale of values set up by religion will be different according to the intellectual background of the religion. You can never wholly separate practice from theory, idea from action. Thus, to put the matter in a nutshell, while the practical task of science is to provide man

with new knowledge and increased powers of control the practical task of religion is to help man to decide how he shall use the knowledge and those powers.

The conflict between science and religion has come chiefly from the fact that religion has often been afraid of the new knowledge provided by science, because it had unfortunately committed itself to a theology of fixity instead of one of change, and claimed to be already in possession of all the knowledge that mattered. It therefore seemed that to admit the truth and value of the new knowledge provided by science would be to destroy religion. Most men of science and many thinkers within the churches do not believe this any longer. Science may destroy particular theologies; it may even cause the downfall of particular brands of religion if they persist in refusing to admit the validity of scientific knowledge. But it cannot destroy religion, because that is the outcome of the religious spirit, and the religious spirit is just as much a property of human nature as is the scientific spirit.

What science can and should do is to modify the form of religion. And once religion recognizes that fact, there will no longer remain any fundamental conflict between science and religion, but merely a number of friendly adjustments to be made.

In regard to this last point, let me make myself clear. I do not mean that science should dictate to religion how it should change or what form it should take. I mean that it is the business and the duty of

various religions to accept the new knowledge we owe to science, to assimilate it into their systems, and to adjust their general ideas and outlook accordingly. The only business and duty of science is to discover new facts, to frame the best possible generalizations to account for the facts, and to turn knowledge to practical account when asked to do so. The problem of what man will do with the enormous possibilities of power which science has put into his hands is probably the most vital and the most alarming problem of modern times. At the moment, humanity is rather like an irresponsible and mischievous child who has been presented with a set of machine tools, a box of matches, and a supply of dynamite. How can religion expect to help in solving the problem before the child cuts itself or blows itself up, if it does not permeate itself with the new ideas and make them its own in order to control them? That is why I say—as a human being and not as a scientist—that it is the *duty* of religion to accept and assimilate scientific knowledge. I also believe it to be the *business* of religion to do so, because if religion does not do so, religion will in the long run lose influence and adherents thereby.

I would like to finish by pulling together some of the main threads of my argument. I see the human race engaged on the tremendous experiment of living on the planet called Earth. From the point of view of humanity, as a whole, the great aim of this experiment must be to make life more truly and

more fully worth living; the religious man might prefer to say that the aim was to realize the kingdom of God upon earth, but that is only another way of saying the same thing.

The scientific spirit and the religious spirit have both their parts to play in this experiment. If religion will but abandon its claims to fixity and certitude (as many liberal churchmen are already doing) then it can see in the pursuit of truth something essentially sacred, and science itself will come to have its religious aspect. If science will remember that it, as science, can lay no claim to set up values, it will allow due weight to the religious spirit. At the moment, however, a radical difference of outlook obtains between science and religion. An alteration in scientific outlook—for instance, the supersession of pure Newtonian mechanics by relativity—is generally looked on as a victory for science; but an alteration in religious outlook—for instance, the abandonment of belief in the literal truth of the account of creation in Genesis—is usually looked on in some way as a defeat for religion. Yet either both are defeats or both victories—not for partial activities such as religion or science, but for the spirit of man. In the past, religion has usually been slowly and grudgingly forced to admit new scientific ideas; if it will but accept the most vivifying of all the scientific ideas of the past century, that of the capacity of life, including human life and institutions, for progressive development, the conflict between science and

religion will be over, and both can join hands in advancing the great experiment of man—of ensuring that he shall have life, and have it more abundantly.

THE HERO AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Complaint is often made, in these times, of what we call the disorganized condition of society: how ill many arranged forces of society fulfil their work; how many powerful forces are seen working in a wasteful, chaotic, altogether unarranged manner. It is too just a complaint, as we all know. But perhaps if we look at this of Books and the Writers of Books, we shall find here, as it were, the summary of all other disorganization;—a sort of *heart*, from which, and to which, all other confusion circulates in the world! Considering what Book-writers do in the world, and what the world does with Book-writers, I should say, it is the most anomalous thing the world at present has to show.—We should get into a sea far beyond sounding, did we attempt to give account of this: but we must glance at it for the sake of our subject. The worst element in the life of these three Literary Heroes* was, that they found their business and position such a chaos. On the beaten road there is tolerable travelling; but it is sore work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable!

Our pious Fathers, feeling well what importance

*Johnson, Burns, Rousseau.

lay in the speaking of man to men, founded churches, made endowments, regulations ; everywhere in the civilized world there is a Pulpit, environed with all manner of complex dignified appurtenances and furtherances, that therefrom a man with the tongue may, to best advantage, address his fellow-men. They felt that this was the most important thing ; that without this there was no good thing. It is a right pious work, that of theirs; beautiful to behold ! But now with the art of Writing, with the art of Printing, a total change has come over that business. The Writer of a Book, is not he a Preacher preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places ? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong ;—that the *eye* report not falsely, for then all the other members are astray ! Well: how he may do his work, whether he do it right or wrong, or do it at all, is a point which no man in the world has taken the pains to think of. To a certain shopkeepers, trying to get some money for his books, if lucky, he is of some importance ; to no other man of any. Whence he came, whither he is bound, by what ways he arrived, by what he might be furthered on his course, no one asks. He is an accident in society. He wanders like a wild Ishmaelite, in a world of which he is as the spiritual light, either the guidance or the misguidance !

Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised. Odin's *Runes*

were the first form of the work of a Hero; *Books*, written words, are still more miraculous *Runes*, of the latest form! In Books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed many-engined,—they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives: can be called-up again into life. No magic *Rune* is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Do not Books still accomplish *miracles*, as *Runes* were fabled to do? They persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So 'Celia' felt, so 'Clifford' acted: the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid Practice one day. Consider whether any *Rune* in the wildest imagination of Mythologist ever did such wonders as, on the actual firm Earth, some Books have done! What built S. Paul's Cathedral?

Look at the heart of the matter, it was that divine Hebrew Book,—the work partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four thousand years ago, in the wilderness of Sinai! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer. With the art of Writing, of which Printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. It related, with a wondrous new contiguity and perpetual closeness, the Past and Distant with the Present in time and place; all times and all places with this our actual Here and Now. All things were altered for men; all modes of important work of men: teaching, preaching, governing, and all else.

To look at teaching, for instance. Universities are a notable, respectable product of the modern ages. There existence too is modified, to the very basis of it, by the existence of Books. Universities arose while there were yet no Books procurable; while a man, for a single Book, had to give an estate of land. That, in those circumstances, when a man had some knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learners round him, face to face, was a necessity for him. If you wanted to know what Abelard knew, you must go and listen to Abelard. Thousands, as many as thirty-thousand, went to hear Abelard and that metaphysical theology of his. And now for any other teacher who had something of his own to teach, there was a great convenience

opened: so many thousands eager to learn were already assembled yonder; of all places the best place for him was that. For any third teacher it was better still; and grew ever the better, the more teachers there came. It only needed now that the King took notice of this new phenomenon; combined or agglomerated the various schools into one school; gave it edifices, privileges, encouragements, and named it *Universitas*, or School of all Sciences: the University of Paris, in its essential characters, was there. The model of all subsequent Universities; which down even to these days, for six centuries now, have gone on to found themselves. Such, I conceive, was the origin of Universities.

It is clear, however, that with this simple circumstance, facility of getting Books, the whole conditions of the business from top to bottom were changed. Once invent Printing, you metamorphosed all universities, or superseded them! The Teacher needed not now to gather men personally round him, that he might *speak* to them what he knew: print it in a Book, and all learners far and wide, for a trifle, had it each at his own fireside, much more effectually to learn it!—Doubtless there is still peculiar virtue in Speech; even writers in Books may still, in some circumstances, find it convenient to speak also,—witness our present meeting here. There is, one would say, and must ever remain while man has a tongue, a distinct province for Speech as well as for Writing and Printing. In

regard to all things this must remain; to Universities among others. But the limits of the two have nowhere yet been pointed out, ascertained; much less put in practice: the University which would completely take-in that great new fact, of the existence of Printed Books, and stand on a clear footing for the Nineteenth Century as the Paris one did for the Thirteenth, has not yet come into existence. If we think of it, all that a University, or final highest School can do for us, is still but what the first School began doing,—teach us to *read.* We learn to *read,* in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we go to get the knolwedge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.

But to the Church itself, as I hinted already, all is changed, in its preaching, in its working, by the introduction of Books. The Church is the working recognized Union of our Priests or Prophets, of those who by wise teaching guide the souls of men. While there was no Writing, even while there was no Easy-writing or *Printing*, the preaching of the voice was the natural sole method of performing this. But now with Books!—He that can write a true Book, to persuade England, is not he the Bishop and Archbishop, the Primate of England and of All England? I many a time say, the writers of Newspapers, Pamphlets,

Poems, Books, these *are* the real working effective Church of a modern country. Nay not only our preaching, but even our worship, is not it too accomplished by means of Printed Books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts,—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? There are many, in all countries, who, in this confused time, have no other method of worship. He who, in any way, shows us better than we knew before that a lily of the fields is beautiful, does he not show it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty; as the *handwriting*, made visible there of the great Maker of the Universe? He has sung for us, made us sing with him, a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our heart the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic.

Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an 'apocalypse of Nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named, in Fichte's style, a 'continuous revelation' of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever, in very truth, endure there; is brought out, now in this dialect, now in that, with various degrees of clearness; all true gifted Singers and

Speakers are, consciously or unconsciously, doing so. The dark stormful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay the withered mockery of a French sceptic,—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakespeare, of a Goethe; the cathedral-music of a Milton! They are something too, those humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,— skylark, starting from a humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! For all true singing is of the nature of worship; as indeed all true *working* may be said to be,—whereof such *singing* is but the record, and fit melodious representation, to us. Fragments of a real 'Church Liturgy' and 'Body of Homilies,' strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed Speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too.

Or turning now to the Government of men. Witenagemote, old Parliament, was a great thing. The affairs of the nation were there deliberated and decided; what we were to *do* as a nation. But does not, though the name Parliament subsists, the parliamentary debate go on now, everywhere and at all times, in a far more comprehensive way, *out* of Parliament altogether? Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament; but in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all. It is not a figure of speech, or a witty

saying; it is a literal fact—very momentous to us in these times. Literature is our Parliament too. Printing, which comes necessarily out of Writing, I say often, is equivalent to Democracy: invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable. Writing brings Printing; brings universal every-day extempore Printing, as we see at present. Whoever can speak, speaking now to the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law-making, in all acts of authority. It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures: the requisite thing is, that he has a tongue which others will listen to; this and nothing more is requisite. The nation is governed by all that has tongue in the nation: Democracy is virtually *there*. Add only, that whatsoever power exists will have itself, by and by, organized; working secretly under bandages, obscurations, obstructions, it will never rest till it get to work free, unencumbered, visible to all. Democracy virtually extant will insist on becoming palpably extant:—

On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them; from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing!—For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not

verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a Book? It is the *Thought* of man; the true thaumaturgic virtue; by which man works all things whatsoever. All that he does, and brings to pass, is the vesture of a Thought. This London City, with all its houses, palaces, steam-engines, cathedrals, and huge immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a Thought, but millions of Thoughts made into One;—a huge immeasurable Spirit of a THOUGHT, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, palaces, Parliaments, Hackney Coaches, Katherine Docks, and the rest of it! Not a brick was made but some man had to *think* of the making of that brick.—The thing we called 'bits of paper with traces of black ink', is the *purest* embodiment a Thought of man can have. No wonder it is, in all ways, the activest and noblest.

All this, of the importance and supreme importance of the Man of Letters in modern Society, and how the Press is to such a degree superseding the Pulpit, the Senate, the *Senatus Academicus* and much else, has been admitted for a good while; and recognized often enough, in late times, with a sort of sentimental triumph and wonderment. It seems to me, the Sentimental by and by will have to give place to the Practical. If Men of Letters *are* so incalculably influential, actually performing such work for us from age to age, and even from day to day, then I think we may conclude that Men of Letters will not always wander like unrecognized

unregulated Ishmaelites among us! Whatsoever thing, as I said above, has virtual unnoticed power will cast-off its wrappages, bandages, and step-forth one day with palpably articulated, universally visible power. That one may wear the clothes, and take the wages, of a function which is done by quite another: there can be no profit in this; this is not right, it is wrong. And yet, alas, the *making* of it right—what a business, for long times to come! Sure enough, this that we call Organization of the Literary Guild is still a great-way off, encumbered with all manner of complexities. If you asked me what were the best possible organization for the Men of Letters in modern society; the arrangement of furtherance and regulation, grounded the most accurately on the actual facts of their position and of the world's position—I should beg to say that the problem far exceeded my faculty! It is not one man's faculty; it is that of many successive men turned earnestly upon it, that will bring-out even an approximate solution. What the best arrangement were, none of us could say. But if you ask, Which is the worst? I answer: This which we now have, that Chaos should sit umpire in it; this is the worst. To the best, or any good one, there is yet a long way.

One remark I must not omit, That royal or parliamentary grants of money are by no means the chief thing wanted! To give our Men of Letters stipends, endowments and all furtherance of cash, will do little towards the business. On the whole,

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one is weary of hearing about the omnipotence of money. I will say rather that, for a genuine man, it is no evil to be poor; that there ought to be Literary Men poor,—to show whether they are genuine or not. Mendicant Orders, bodies of good men doomed to *beg*, were instituted in the Christian Church; a most natural and even necessary development of the spirit of Christianity. It was itself founded on Poverty, on Sorrow, Contradiction, Crucifixion, every species of worldly Distress and Degradation. We may say, that he who has not known those things, and learned from them the priceless lessons they have to teach, has missed a good opportunity of schooling. To beg, and go barefoot, in coarse woollen cloak with a rope round your loins, and be despised of all the world, was no beautiful business;—nor an honourable one in any eye, till the nobleness of those who did so had made it honoured of some!

Begging is not in our course at the present time; but for the rest of it, who will say that a Johnson is not perhaps the better for being poor? It is needful for him, at all rates, to know that outward profit, that success of any kind is *not* the goal he has to aim at. Pride, vanity, ill-conditioned egoism of all sorts, are bred in his heart, as in every heart; need, above all, to be cast-out of his heart,—to be, with whatever pangs, torn-out of it, cast-forth from it, as a thing worthless. Byron, born rich and noble, made-out even less than Burns, poor and plebeian. Who

knows but, in that same 'best possible organization' as yet far off, Poverty may still enter as an important element? What if our Men of Letters, men setting-up to be Spiritual Heroes, were still *then*, as they now are, a kind of 'involuntary monastic order'; bound still to this same ugly Poverty,—till they had tried what was in it too, till they had learned to make it too do for them! Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there; and even spurn it back, when it wishes to get farther.

Besides, were the money-furtherances, the proper season for them, the fit assigner of them, all settled, —how is the Burns to be recognized that merits these? He must pass through the ordeal, and prove himself. *This* ordeal; this wild welter of a chaos which is called Literary Life: this too is a kind of ordeal! There is clear truth in the idea that a struggle from the lower classes of society, towards the upper regions and rewards of society, must ever continue. Strong men are born there, who ought to stand elsewhere than there. The manifold, inextricably complex, universal struggle of these constitutes, and must constitute, what is called the progress of society. For Men of Letters, as for all other sorts of men. How to regulate that struggle? There is the whole question. To leave it as it is, at the mercy of blind Chance; a whirl of distracted atoms, one cancelling the other; one of the thousand arriving saved, nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine lost by the way;

your royal Johnson languishing inactive in garrets, or harnessed to the yoke of Printer Cave; your Burns dying broken-hearted as a Gauger; your Rousseau driven into mad exasperation, kindling French Revolutions by his paradoxes: this, as we said, is clearly enough the *worst* regulation. The *best,* alas, is far from us!

And yet there can be no doubt but it is coming; advancing on us, as yet hidden in the bosom of centuries: this is a prophecy one can risk. For so soon as men get to discern the importance of a thing they do infallibly set about arranging it, facilitating, forwarding it; and rest not till, in some approximate degree, they have accomplished that. I say, of all Priesthoods, Aristocracies, Governing Classes at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that Priesthood of the Writers of Books. This is a fact which he who runs may read,—and draw inferences from. 'Literature will take care of itself,' answered Mr. Pitt, when applied-to for some help for Burns. 'Yes', adds Mr. Southey, 'it will take care of itself; *and of you too,* if you do not look to it'!

The result to individual Men of Letters is not the momentous one; they are but individuals, an infinitesimal fraction of the great body; they can struggle on, and live or else die, as they have been wont. But it deeply concerns the whole society, whether it will set its *light* on high places, to walk thereby; or trample it under foot, and scatter it in all ways

of wild waste (not without conflagration), as heretofore! Light is the one thing wanted for the world. Put wisdom in the head of the world, the world will fight its battle victoriously, and be the best world man can make it. I call this anomaly of a disorganic Literary Class the heart of all other anomalies, at once product and parent; some good arrangement for that would be as the *punctum saliens* of a new vitality and just arrangement for all. Already, in some European countries, in France, in Prussia, one traces some beginnings of an arrangement for the Literary Class; indicating the gradual possibility of such. I believe that it is possible; that it will have to be possible.

By far the most interesting fact I hear about the Chinese is one on which we cannot arrive at clearness, but which excites endless curiosity even in the dim state: this namely, that they do attempt to make their Men of Letters their Governors! It would be rash to say, one understood how this was done, or with what degree of success it was done. All such things must be very *un*successful; yet a small degree of success is precious; the very attempt how precious! There does seem to be, all over China, a more or less active search everywhere to discover the men of talent that grow up in the young generation. Schools there are for every one; a foolish sort of training, yet still a sort. The youths who distinguished themselves in the lower school are promoted into favourable stations in the

higher, that they may still more distinguish themselves,—forward and forward: it appears to be out of these that the Official Persons, and incipient Governors, are taken. These are they whom they *try* first, whether they can govern or not. And surely with the best hope: for they are the men that have already shown intellect. Try them: they have not governed or administered as yet; perhaps they cannot; but there is no doubt they *have* some Understanding,— without which no man can! Neither is Understanding a *tool*, as we are too apt to figure; 'it is a *hand* which can handle any tool.' Try these men: they are of all others the best worth trying.—Surely there is no kind of government, constitution, revolution, social apparatus or arrangement, that I know of in this world, so promising to one's scientific curiosity as this. The man of intellect at the top of affairs: this is the aim of all constitutions and revolutions, if they have any aim. For the man of true intellect, as I assert and believe always, is the noble hearted man withal, the true, just, humane and valiant man. Get *him* for governor, all is got; fail to get him, though you had Constitutions plentiful as blackberries, and a Parliament in every village, there is nothing yet got!—

A DEFENCE OF POETRY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

According to one mode of regarding those two classes of mental action, which are called reason and imagination, the former may be considered as mind contemplating the relations borne by one thought to another, however produced; and the latter, as mind acting upon those thoughts so as to colour them with its own light, and composing from them as from elements, other thoughts, each containing within itself the principle of its own integrity. The one is *to poiein*, or the principle of synthesis, and has for its object those forms which are common to universal nature and existence itself; and the other is *to logizein* or principle of analysis, and its action regards the relations of things, simply as relations; considering thoughts, not in their integral unity, but as the algebraical representations which conduct to certain general results. Reason is the enumeration of quantities already known; imagination is the perception of the value of those quantities, both separately and as a whole. Reason respects the differences, and imagination the similitudes of things. Reason is to imagination as the instrument to the agent, as the body to the spirit, as the shadow to the substance.

Poetry, in a general sense, may be defined to be 'the expression of the imagination' and poetry is connate with the origin of man. Man is an instrument over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven, like the alternations of an ever-changing wind over an Æolian lyre, which move it by their motion to ever-changing melody. But there is a principle within the human being, and perhaps within all sentient beings, which acts otherwise than in a lyre, and produces not melody alone, but harmony, by an internal adjustment of the sounds and motion thus excited to the impressions which excite them. It is as if the lyre could accommodate its cords to the motions of that which strikes them, in a determined proportion of sound; even as the musician can accommodate his voice to the sound of the lyre. A child at play by itself will express its delight by its voice and motions; and every inflexion of tone and gesture will bear exact relation to a corresponding antitype in the pleasurable impressions which awakened it; it will be the reflected image of that impression; and as the lyre trembles and sounds after the wind has died away, so the child seeks, by prolonging in its voice and motions the duration of the effect, to prolong also a consciousness of the cause. In relation to the objects which delight a child, these impressions are what poetry is to higher objects. The savage (for the savage is to ages what the child is to years) expresses the emotions produced in him by surrounding objects in a similar

manner; and language and gesture, together with plastic or pictorial imitation, become the image of the combined effect of those objects and his apprehension of them. Man in society, with all his passions and his pleasures, next becomes the object of the passions and pleasures of man; an additional class of emotions produces an augmented treasure of expression; and language, gesture, and the imitative arts, become at once the representation and the medium, the pencil and the picture, the chisel and the statue, the chord and the harmony. The social sympathies, or those laws from which as from its elements society results, begin to develop themselves from the moment that two human beings coexist; the future is contained within the present as the plant within the seed; and equality, diversity, unity, contrast, mutual dependence, become the principles alone capable of affording the motives according to which the will of a social being is determined to action, inasmuch as he is social; and constitute pleasure in sensation, virtue in sentiment, beauty in art, truth in reasoning, and love in the intercourse of kind. Hence men, even in the infancy of society observe a certain order in their words and actions, distinct from that of the objects and the impressions represented by them, all expression being subject to the laws of that from which it proceeds. But let us dismiss those more general considerations which might involve an inquiry into the principles of society itself, and restrict our view to the manner

in which the imagination is expressed upon its forms. In the youth of the world, men dance and sing and imitate natural objects, observing in those actions, as in all others, a certain rhythm or order. And, although all men observe a similar, they observe not the same order, in the motions of the dance, in the melody of the song, in the combinations of language, in the series of their imitations of natural objects. For there is a certain order or rhythm belonging to each of these classes of mimetic representation, from which the hearer and the spectator receive an intenser and purer pleasure than from any other: the sense of an approximation to this order has been called taste by modern writers. Every man in the infancy of art observes an order which approximates more or less closely to that from which this highest delight results: but the diversity is not sufficiently marked, as that its gradations should be sensible, except in those instances where the predominance of this faculty of approximation to the beautiful (for so we may be permitted to name the relation between this highest pleasure and its cause) is very great. Those in whom it exists to excess are poets, in the most universal sense of the word; and the pleasure resulting from the manner in which they express the influence of society or nature upon their own minds, communicates itself to others, and gathers a sort of reduplication from the community. Their language is vitally metaphorical; that is, it marks the before unapprehended relations

of things and perpetuates their apprehension, until words, which represent them, become, through time, signs for portions or classes of thought, instead of pictures of integral thoughts ; and then, if no new poets should arise to create afresh the associations which have been thus disorganized, language will be dead to all the nobler purposes of human intercourse. These similitudes or relations are finely said by Lord Bacon to be 'the same footsteps of nature impressed upon the various subjects of the world'—and he considers the faculty which perceives them as the storehouse of axioms common to all knowledge. In the infancy of society every author is necessarily a poet, because language itself is poetry, and to be a poet is to apprehend the true and the beautiful in a word, the good which exists in the relation, subsisting, first between existence and perception, and secondly between perception and expression. Every original language near to its source is in itself the chaos of a cyclic poem : the copiousness of lexicography and the distinctions of grammar are the works of a later age, and are merely the catalogue and the form of the creations of poetry.

But poets, or those who imagine and express this indestructible order, are not only the authors of language and of music, of the dance, and architecture, and statuary, and painting ; they are the institutors of laws and the founders of civil society and the inventors of the arts of life, and the teachers

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who draw into a certain propinquity with the beautiful and the true, that partial apprehension of the agencies of the invisible world which is called religion. Hence all original religions are allegorical of susceptible of allegory, and, like Janus, have a double face of false and true. Poets, according to the circumstances of the age and nation in which they appeared, were called, in the earlier epochs of the world, legislators or prophets : a poet essentially comprises and unites both these characters. For he not only beholds intensely the present as it is, and discovers those laws according to which present things ought to be ordered, but he beholds the future in the present, and his thoughts are the germs of the flower and the fruit of latest time. Not that I assert poets to be prophets in the gross sense of the word, or that they can foretell the form as surely as they fore-know the spirit of events : such is the pretence of superstition, which would make poetry an attribute of prophecy, rather than prophecy an attribute of poetry. A poet participates in the eternal, the infinite, and the one ; as far as relates to his conceptions, time and place and number are not. The grammatical forms which express the moods of time, and the difference of persons, and the distinction of place, are convertible with respect to the highest poetry without injuring it as poetry ; and the choruses of Æschylus, and the book of Job, and Dante's Paradise, would afford, more than any other writings, examples of this fact, if the limits of this essay did

not forbid citation. The creations of sculpture, painting, and music, are illustrations still more decisive.

Language, colour, form, and religious and civil habits of action are all the instruments and materials of poetry ; they may be called poetry by that figure of speech which considers the effect as a synonym of the cause. But poetry in a more restricted sense expresses those arrangements of language, and especially metrical language, which are created by that imperial faculty, whose throne is curtained within the invisible nature of man. And this springs from the nature itself of language, which is a more direct representation of the actions and passions of our internal being and is susceptible of more various and delicate combinations, than colour, form, or motion, and is more plastic and obedient to the control of that faculty of which it is the creation. For language is arbitrarily produced by the imagination, and has relation to thoughts alone ; but all other materials, instruments, and conditions of art, have relations among each other which limit and interpose between conception and expression. The former is as a mirror which reflects, the latter as a cloud which enfeebles the light of which both are mediums of communication. Hence the fame of sculptors, painters, and musicians, although the intrinsic powers of the great masters of these arts may yield in no degree to that of those who have employed language as the hieroglyphic of their thoughts, has never equalled that of

poets in the restricted sense of the term; as two performers of equal skill will produce unequal effects from a guitar and a harp. The fame of legislators and founders of religion, so long as their institutions last, alone seems to exceed that of poets in the restricted sense; but it can scarcely be a question, whether, if we deduct the celebrity which their flattery of the gross opinions of the vulgar usually conciliates, together with that which belonged to them in their higher character of poets, any excess will remain.

We have thus circumscribed the word poetry within the limits of that art which is the most familiar and the most perfect expression of the faculty itself. It is necessary, however, to make the circle still narrower, and to determine the distinction between measured and unmeasured language; for the popular division into prose and verse is inadmissible in accurate philosophy.

Sounds as well as thoughts have relation both between each other and towards that which they represent, and a perception of the order of those relations has been found connected with a perception of the order of the relations of thought. Hence the language of poets has ever affected a certain uniform and harmonious recurrence of sound, without which it were not poetry, and which is scarcely less indispensable to the communication of its influence, than the word themselves, without reference to that peculiar order. Hence the vanity of translation; it were as wise to cast a violet into a crucible that you might

discover the formal principle of its colour and odour, as seek to transfuse from one language into another the creations of a poet. The plant must spring again from its seed, or it will bear no flower—and this is the burthen of the curse of Babel.

An observation of the regular mode of the recurrence of harmony in the language of poetical minds, together with its relation to music, produced metre, or a certain system of traditional form, so that the harmony, which is its spirit, be observed. The practice is indeed convenient and popular, and to be preferred, especially in such composition as includes much action : but every great poet must inevitably innovate upon the example of his predecessors in the exact structure of his peculiar versification. The distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error. The distinction between philosophers and poets has been anticipated. Plato was essentially a poet—the truth and splendour of his imagery, and the melody of his language, are the most intense that it is possible to conceive. He rejected the measure of the epic, dramatic, and lyrical forms, because he sought to kindle a harmony in thoughts divested of shape and action, and he forebore to invent any regular plant of rhythm which would include, under determinate forms, the varied pauses of his style. Cicero sought to imitate the cadence of his periods, but with little success. Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm, which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost

superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect; it is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy. All the authors of revolutions in opinion are not only necessarily poets as they are inventors, nor even as their words unveil the permanent analogy of things by images which participate in the life of truth; but as their periods are harmonious and rhythmical, and contain in themselves the elements of verse; being the echo of the eternal music. Nor are those supreme poets, who have employed traditional forms of rhythm on account of the form and action of their subjects, less capable of perceiving and teaching the truth of things, than those who have omitted that form. Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton (to confine ourselves to modern writers) are philosophers of the very loftiest power.

A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth. There is this difference between a story and a poem, that a story is a catalogue of detached facts, which have no other connexion than time, place, circumstance, cause, and effect; the other is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable forms of human nature, as existing in the mind of the Creator, which is itself the image of all other minds. The one is partial, and applies only to a definite period of time, and a certain combination of events which can never again recur; the other is universal, and contains within itself the germ

of a relation to whatever motives or actions have place in the possible varieties of human nature. Time, which destroys the beauty and the use of the story of particular facts stripped of the poetry which should invest them, augments that of poetry, and for ever develops new and wonderful applications of the eternal truth which it contains. Hence epitomes have been called the moths of just history; they eat out the poetry of it. A story of particular fact is as a mirror which obscures and distorts that which should be beautiful: poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted.

The parts of a composition may be poetical, without the composition as whole being a poem. A single sentence may be considered as a whole, though it may be found in the midst of a series of unassimilated portions; a single word even may be spark of inextinguishable thought. And thus all the great historians, Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy, were poets; and although the plan of these writers, especially that of Livy, restrained them from developing this faculty in its highest degree, they made copious and ample amends for their subjection, by filling all the interstices of their subjects with living images.

Having determined what is poetry, and who are poets, let us proceed to estimate its effects upon society. Poetry is ever accompanied with pleasure: all spirits upon which it falls open themselves to receive the wisdom which is mingled with its delight. In the infancy of the world, neither poets themselves nor

their auditors are fully aware of the excellence of poetry: for it acts in a divine and unapprehended manner, beyond and above consciousness: and it is reserved for future generations to contemplate and measure the mighty cause and effect in all the strength and splendour of their union. Even in modern times, no living poet ever arrived at the fullness of his fame: the jury which sits in judgment upon a poet, belonging as he does to all time, must be composed of his peers: it must be empanelled by time from the selectest of the wise of many generations. A poet is a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds: his auditors are as men entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why. The poems of Homer and his contemporaries were the delight of infant Greece; they were the elements of that social system which is the column upon which all succeeding civilization has reposed. Homer embodied the ideal perfection of his age in human character; nor can we doubt that those who read his verses were awakened to an ambition of becoming like to Achilles, Hector, and Ulysses: the truth and beauty of friendship, patriotism, and persevering devotion to an object, were unveiled to their depths in these immortal creations: the sentiments of the auditor must have been refined and enlarged by a sympathy with such great and lovely impersonations, until from admiring they imitated, and from imitation they

identified themselves with the objects of their admiration. Nor let it be objected, that these characters are remote from moral perfection, and that they are by no means to be considered as edifying patterns for general imitation. Every epoch, under names more or less specious, has deified its peculiar errors ; Revenge is the naked idol of the worship of a semi-barbarous age ; Self-deceit is the veiled image of unknown evil, before which luxury and satiety lie prostrate. But a poet considers the vices of his contemporaries as the temporary dress in which his creations must be arrayed, and which cover without concealing the eternal proportions of their beauty. An epic or dramatic personage is understood to wear them around his soul, as he may the ancient armour of modern uniform around his body ; whilst it is easy to conceive a dress more graceful than either. The beauty of the internal nature cannot be so far concealed by its accidental vesture, but that the spirit of its form shall communicate itself to the very disguise, and indicate the shape it hides from the manner in which it is worn. A majestic form and graceful motions will express themselves through the most barbarous and tasteless costume. Few poets of the highest class have chosen to exhibit the beauty of their conceptions in its naked truth and splendour ; and it is doubtful whether the alloy of costume, habit, &c., be not necessary to temper this planetary music for mortal ears.

The whole objection, however, of the immorality

of poetry rests upon a misconception of the manner in which poetry acts to produce the moral improvement of man. Ethical science arranges the elements which poetry has created, and propounds schemes and proposes examples of civil and domestic life nor is it for want of admirable doctrines that men hate, and despise, and censure, and deceive, and subjugate one another. But poetry acts in another and diviner manner. It awakens and enlarges the mind itself by rendering it the receptacle of a thousand unapprehended combinations of thought. Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar; it reproduces all that it represents, and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists. The great secret of morals is love; or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause. Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination by

replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices whose void for ever craves fresh food. Poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb. A poet therefore would do ill to embody his own conceptions of right and wrong, which are usually those of his place and time, in his poetical creations, which participate in neither. By this assumption of the inferior office of interpreting the effect, in which perhaps after all he might acquit himself but imperfectly, he would resign a glory in the participation of the cause. There was little danger that Homer, or any of the eternal poets, should have so far misunderstood themselves as to have abdicated this throne of their widest dominion. Those in whom the poetical faculty, though great, is less intense, have frequently affected a moral aim, and the effect of their poetry is diminished in exact proportion to the degree in which they compel us to advert to this purpose.

The functions of the poetical faculty are twofold; by one it creates new materials of knowledge, and power, and pleasure; by the other it engenders in the mind a desire to reproduce and arrange them according to a certain rhythm and order, which may be called the beautiful and the good. The cultivation of poetry is never more to be desired than at periods when, from an excess of the selfish and calculating

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SRINAGAR.

principle, the accumulation of the materials of external life exceeds the quantity of the power of assimilating them to the internal laws of human nature. The body has then become too unwieldy for that which animates it.

Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and witholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odour and the colour of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendour of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship,—what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit: what were our consolation on this side of the grave—and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar? Poetry is not like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say, 'I will compose poetry.' The greatest poet even cannot

say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness; this power arises from within, like the colour of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure. Could this influence be durable in its original purity and force, it is impossible to predict the greatness of the results; but when composition begins inspiration is already on the decline, and the most glorious poetry that has ever been communicated to the world is probably a feeble shadow of the original conception of the poet. I appeal to the greatest poets of the present day, whether it is not an error to assert that the finest passages of poetry are produced by labour and study. The toil and the delay recommended by critics, can be justly interpreted to mean no more than a careful observation of the inspired moments, and an artificial connection of the spaces between their suggestions, by the intertexture of conventional expressions; a necessity only imposed by the limitedness of the poetical faculty itself: for Milton conceived the PARADISE LOST as a whole before he executed it in portions. Compositions so produced are to poetry what mosaic is to painting. The instinct and intuition of the poetical faculty is still more observable in the plastic and pictorial arts: a great statue or picture grows under the power of the artist as a child in the mother's womb; and the very mind which directs

the hands in formation is incapable of accounting to itself for the origin, the gradations, or the media of the process.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as it were the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions: and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and re-animate, in

those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world ; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which hunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change ; it subdues to union, under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes : its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life ; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty, which is the spirit of its forms.

a very bad extract. I really h[illegible]
H. Lowes has not been successful
in making good selection of Shelley's
[illegible]

ON READING GREAT POETRY.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

'The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact : it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry.'

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present work it is the course of one great contributory stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them

all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science I say, will appear incomplete without it. (For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science': and what is a countenance without its expression)? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge': our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite beings; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such

high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: 'charlatan as much as you please: but where is there *not* charlatanism?' 'Yes,' answers Sainte-Beuve, 'in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thoughts, in art, the glory, the eternal honour is that charlatanism shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being.' It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honour, that charlatanism shall find no entrance; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true. It is only charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our

race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper, sense of the best in poetry, and the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefit should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

Yes; constantly, in reading poetry, a sense of the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious.

A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought and poetry is profoundly interesting ; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is, we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticizing it ; in short, to overrate it. So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances, have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been of high importance. Here also we overrate the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments,—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal.

Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how naturally the study of the history and development of poetry may incline a man to pause over reputation, and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one famous

name or work in its national poetry to another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of their own early poetry, which they long neglected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with their so-called classical poetry, the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century. The dissatisfaction is natural; yet a lively and accomplished critic, M. Charles d'Hericault, goes too far when he says that 'the cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of a literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history.' 'It hinders,' he goes on, 'it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating exceptional point; the summary, fictitious and arbitrary, of a thought and of a work. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it claims not study but veneration; it does not show us how the thing is done, it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible; for it withdraws the poet from his time, from his proper life, it breaks historical relationships, it blinds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. It gives us a human personage no longer, but a God seated immovable amidst his perfect work, like Jupiter on Olympus and hardly will it be possible for the young student,

to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him to believe that it did not issue ready made from that divine head.'

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said, but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's classic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him ; if he is a false classic let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word *classic*, *classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative ; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is injurious. True, we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition ; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment

for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and schoolboys' wits not so soon tried and their power of attention exhausted; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of 'historic origins' in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to overrate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.

THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbows. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have laboured along and scaled the arduous hilltops and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favour of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should

be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honours with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words : 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge ; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.' The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shallott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full vivid instructive hours of truantry that you regret ; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and working in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that

the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favourite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this ; if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is ? We may conceive Mr. Worldy Wiseman, accosting such a one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue :—

'How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?'

'Truly, sir, I take mine ease.'

'Is not this the hour of the class ? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge ?'

'Nay, but thus also I follow after learning, by your leave.'

'Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?'

'No, to be sure.'

'Is it metaphysics?'

'Nor that'.

'Is it some language?'

'Nay it is no language.'

'Is it a trade?'

'Nor a trade neither.'

'Why, then what is it?'

'Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace or Contentment.'

Hereupon, Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much moved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatful countenance, broke forth upon this wise: 'Learning, quotha!' said he, 'I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!'

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spreads its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman's, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknow-

ledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only lounging; and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope. Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter XX, which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter XXXIX, which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, one half of which they will forget before the week is out, your truant may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have plied their book diligently, and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanour, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain under-bred and patheti-

cally stupid to the last. And meanwhile there goes the idler, who began life along with them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Common-sense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eter-

where from he can observe and experi
the various aspects of life

nity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape; many fire-lit parlours; good people laughing, drinking, and making love as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or

so for the train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralysed or alienated; and yet possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eye-sight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school or college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. And if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff box is empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright on a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being a Success of Life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's

business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theatre of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theatre not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection ; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company ? Though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabbases whom the world could better have done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends ; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favour has been done them at the cost of great pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six

sheets of letterpaper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half-an-hour pleasantly, perhaps, profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript with his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favour is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed surprise no one so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set everybody he passed in a good humour; one of these persons, who had been delivered from unusually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: 'You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased.' If he had looked pleased before, he had now cause to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for

tears anywhere but on the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We do not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theory of the Livableness of Life. (Consequently if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain.) It is a revolutionary precept; but thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused; and within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrial fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. (They would be happier if he were dead.) They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be

beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your rare gifts! When nature is 'so careless of the single life,' why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take

it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labour themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharoah should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid: and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? And that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their forces was the bull's eye and centre point of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.

God bless you
R. Stevenson!

OLD CHINA.

CHARLES LAMB

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire first for the china-closet, next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we all have some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to ; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have ?—to those little lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before my perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics) yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue,—which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish ex-

pressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here,—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

'I wish the good old times would come again,'

she said, 'when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state—so she was pleased to ramble on—in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!)—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against* and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

'Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we ex-

plored the perfectness of it (*collating*, you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man ? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen shillings—or sixteen shillings was it ?—which you had lavished on the old folio ? Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you bring me home any nice old purchases now.

'When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the "Lady Blanch", when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man ? Now you have nothing to do but to walk in to Colnaghi's and buy a whole wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you ?

'Then do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at

noontide for some decent house where we might go in and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a-fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savourily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now—when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom, moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

'You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings apiece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt the obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we where

sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria. You used to say that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

'There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to

have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which they both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it; I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, ust above poverty.

'I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways and projects and compromises of one sort or another and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now) we pocketed up our loss, and in

conclusion, with "lusty brimmers," we used to welcome in the coming guest. Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.'

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions that when she gets into a rhetorical vein I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. 'It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the surperflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride where we formerly walked: live better and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could the good old one-

shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin now,—but could you and I at this moment, instead of the quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Crœsus had, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house.'

ON GOING A JOURNEY.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude: nor do I ask for

—a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediment, and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a

little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

> May plume her feathers, and let grow her wings,
> That in the various bustle of resort
> Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet a winding road before me, and three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lonely heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like 'sunken wrack and sumless treasuries', burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis more than I do; but sometimes I had rather be without them. 'Leave, oh, leave, me to my repose!' I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me 'very

stuff of the conscience'. Is not this old rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. 'Out upon such half-faced fellowship,' say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that 'he thought it a bad French custom to drink wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time.' So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. 'Let me have a companion of my way,' says Sterne, 'were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines.' It is beautifully said; but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is in-

sipid. If you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to

associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance of affectation ; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must 'give it an understanding, but no tongue'. My old friend Coleridge, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. 'He talked far above singing.' If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have someone with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had 'that fine madness in them which our first poets had', and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed some such strain as the following.

———Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when the smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells

Arbours o'er-grown with woodbines, caves and dells
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long finders; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light
To kiss her sweetest———

Faithful Shepherdess.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot: I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is

to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom ; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to take one's ease at one's inn ! These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop; they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is after drinking whole goblets of tea,

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper —eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*procul, O procul este profani !* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place ; he is a part of the furniture and

costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your 'unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine!' The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—'lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name!' Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion, to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour*. One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and

negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world: an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been entirely to myself and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at S. Neot's (I think it was), where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory I had, not for the admired artist), with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn standing up in the boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read Paul and Virginia which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the New Eloise, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which S. Preux describes his feelings as he caught a glimpse from the heights of

Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bonne bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birth-day, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks, below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time 'glittered green with sunny showers ', and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not. Still, I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they

been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separated me from what I was then. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight, also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country I can form no idea of a woody and

cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town and in the town we despise the country. 'Beyond Hyde Park,' says Sir Fopling Flutter, 'all is a desert.' All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast;—the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written on a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China to us? An inch of paste-board on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which

we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember the circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten!—To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable, and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear any discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet by the way. 'The mind is its own place'; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity; I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *eclat*—shewed them that seat of the Muses at a distance.

With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd—descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Cicerone

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that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to common-place beauties in matchless pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, his relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen ; there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech ; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations so opposite to all one's ordinary ideas, one seems a species by one's self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears : nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity.

I walked over 'the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France', erect and satisfied ; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones : I was at no loss for language for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled : nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people !—There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else : but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and like a dream—or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity ; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must 'jump' all our present comforts and connexions. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense, instructive ; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as

well as to our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

Out of my country and myself I go.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a time from the ties and objects that recall them : but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life travelling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home !—

THE MAIL COACH.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* evidence; as for instance, because somebody *says* that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it was a personal experience, or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion or such a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail-coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to convince us of our velocity. On this system the word was, *Non magna loquimur*, as upon railways, but *vivimus*. Yes, *magna vivimus*; we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeurs, we realize our grandeurs in act and the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubt impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the no-

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blest amongst brutes, in his dilated nostrils, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement; the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them, that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings—kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant the horse.

But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has the power to raise an extra bubble in a steam kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up for ever; man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse; the inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforwards travel by culinary process; and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking, when heard screaming on the wind, and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary

house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot-wallopings of the boiler.

Thus have perished multiform openings for public expressions of interest, scenical yet natural in great national tidings; for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst the fluctuating mobs of a railway station. The gatherings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are carriages in the train.

How else, for example than as a constant watcher for the dawn, and for the London Mail that in summer months entered about day-break amongst the lawny thickets of Marlborough Forest, couldst thou, sweet Fanny of the Bath Road have become the glorified inmate of my dreams? Yet Fanny, as the loveliest young woman for face and person that perhaps in my whole life I have ever beheld, merited the station which even now, from a distance of forty years, she holds in my dreams; yes, though by links of natural association she brings along with her a troop of dreadful creatures, fabulous and not fabulous, that are more abominable to the heart than Fanny and the dawn are delightful.

Miss Fanny of the Bath Road, strictly speaking, lived at a mile's distance from that road; but came so continually to meet the mail, that I on my frequent transits rarely missed her, and naturally connected her

image with the great thoroughfare where only I had ever seen her. Why she came so punctually I do not exactly know; but I believe with some burden of commissions to be executed in Bath, which had gathered to her own residence as a central rendezvous for converging them. The mail-coachman who drove the Bath mail, and wore the royal livery, happened to be Fanny's grand-father. A good man he was that loved his beautiful grand-daughter; and loving her wisely, was vigilant over her deportment in any case where young Oxford might be concerned. Did my vanity then suggest that I myself, individually could fall within the line of his terrors? Certainly not, as regarded any physical pretensions that I could plead; for Fanny (as a chance passenger from her own neighbourhood once told me) counted in her train a hundred and ninety nine professed admirers, if not open aspirants to her favour; and probably not one of the whole brigade but excelled myself in personal advantages. Ulysses even with the unfair advantage of his accursed bow, could hardly have undertaken that amount of suitors. So the danger might have seemed slight,—only that woman is universally aristocratic; it is amongst her nobilities of heart that she *is* so. Now, the aristocratic distinctions in my favour might with Miss Fanny have compensated my physical deficiencies. Did I then make love to Fanny? Why, yes; about as much love as one *could* make while the mail was changing horses—a process which, ten years later, did not

occupy above eighty seconds; but *then*—*viz.* about Waterloo—it occupied five times eighty. Now, four hundred seconds offer a field quite ample enough for whispering into a young woman's ear a great deal of truth and (by way of parenthesis) of falsehood. Grandpapa did right therefore, to watch me. And yet, as happens too often to the grandpapas of earth, in a contest with the admirers of grand-daughters, how vainly would he have watched me had I meditated any evil whispers to Fanny! She, it is my belief, would have protected herself against any man's evil suggestions. But he, as the result showed, could not have intercepted the opportunities for such suggestions. Yet, why not? Was he not active? Was he not blooming? Blooming he was as Fanny herself.

'Say all our praises why should lords—'

Stop that's not the line.

'Say, all our roses, why should girls engross?'

The coachman showed rosy blooms on his face even deeper than his grand-daughter's—*his* being drawn from the ale-cask, Fanny's from the fountains of the dawn. But inspite of his blooming face, some infirmities he had; and one particularly in which he too much resembled a crocodile. This lay in a monstrous inaptitude for turning round. The crocodile, I presume, owes that inaptitude to the absurd *length* of his back; but in our grandpapa it arose rather from the absurd *breadth* of his back, combined, possibly, with some growing stiffness in

his legs. Now, upon this crocodile infirmity of his I planted a human advantage for tendering my homage to Miss Fanny. In defiance of all his honourable vigilance, no sooner had he presented to us his mighty Jovian back (what a field for displaying to mankind his royal scarlet !) whilst inspecting professionally the buckles, the straps, and the silver turrets of his harness, than I raised Miss Fanny's hand to my lips, and by the mixed tenderness and respectfulness of my behaviour, caused her easily to understand how happy it would make me to rank upon her list as No. 10 or 12, in which case a few casualties amongst her lovers (and observe, they *hanged* liberally in those days) might have promoted me speedily to the top of the tree ; as, on the other hand, with how much loyalty of submission I acquiesced by anticipation in her award, supposing that she should plant me in the very rear-ward of her favour, as No. 199 plus 1. Most truly I loved this beautiful and ingenuous girl ; and had it not been for the Bath mail, timing all courtships by post-office allowance, heaven only knows what might have come of it. People talk of being head over ears in love ; now the mail was the cause that I sank only over ears in love, which, you know, still left a trifle of brain to overlook the conduct of the affair.

Ah, reader ! when I look back upon those days, it seems to me that all things perish—all things change. Perish the roses and the palms of kings : perish even the crowns and trophies of Waterloo :

thunder and lightning are not the thunder and lightning I remember. Roses are degenerating. The Fannies of our island—though this I say with reluctance—are not visibly improving ; and the Bath Road is notoriously superannuated. Crocodiles, you will say, are stationary. Mr. Waterton tells me that the crocodile does *not* change ; that a cayman, in fact, or an alligator, is just as good for riding upon as it was in the time of the Pharoahs. *That* may be ; but the reason is that the crocodile does not live fast—he is a slow coach. I believe it is generally understood among naturalists, that the crocodile is a blockhead. It is my own impression that the Pharoahs were also blockheads. Now, as the Pharoahs and the crocodile domineered over Egyptian society, this accounts for a singular mistake that prevailed through innumerable generations on the Nile. The crocodile made the ridiculous blunder of supposing man to be meant chiefly for his own eating. Man, taking a different view of the subjcet, naturally met that mistake by another : he viewed the crocodile as a thing sometimes to worship, but always to run away from. And this continued till Mr. Waterton changed the relations between the animals. The mode of escaping from the raptile, he showed to be, not by running away, but by leaping on its back, booted and spurred. The two animals had misunderstood each other. The use of the crocodile has now been cleared up—*viz.* to be ridden ; and the final cause of man is, that he may improve the health of

the crocodile by riding him a-foxhunting before breakfast. And it is pretty certain that any crocodile, who has been regularly hunted through the season, and is master of the weight he carries, will take a six-barred gate now as well as ever he would have done in the infancy of the pyramids.

If therefore the crocodile does *not* change, all things else undeniably *do*; even the shadow of the pyramids grows less. And often the restoration in vision of Fanny and the Bath Road, makes me too pathetically sensible of that truth. Out of the darkness, if I happen to call back the image of Fanny, up arises suddenly from the gulf of forty years a rose in June; or, if I think for an instant of the rose in June, up rises the heavenly face of Fanny. One after the other like the antiphonies in the choral service, rise Fanny and the rose in June, then back again the rose in June and Fanny. Then come both together in a chorus,—roses and Fannies, Fannies and roses, without end, thick as blossoms in paradise. Then comes a venerable crocodile, in a royal livery of scarlet and gold, with sixteen capes; and the crocodile is driving four-in-hand from the box of the Bath mail. And suddenly we upon the mail are pulled up by a mighty dial, sculptured with the hours, that mingle with the heavens and the heavenly host. Then all at once we are arrived at Marlborough Forest, amongst the lovely households of the roedeer; the deer and their fawns retire into their dewy thickets; the thickets are rich with roses and once

again the roses call up the sweet countenance of Fanny; and she, being the grand-daughter of a crocodile, awakens a dreadful host of semi-legendary animals—griffins, dragons, basilisks, sphinxes—till at length the whole vision of fighting images crowds into one towering armorial shield, a vast emblazonry of human charities and human loveliness that have perished, but quartered heraldically with unutterable and demoniac natures, whilst over all rises, as a surmounting crest, one fair female hand, with the forefinger pointing in sweet, sorrowful admonition, upwards to heaven, where is sculptured the eternal writing which proclaims the frailty of earth and her children.

NOTES.

NOTES.

'With Brains, Sir.'

John Brown, (1810—82) Scottish physician and author practised in Edinburgh. His fame rests on two volumes of essays, 'Horae Subsecivae' ('Leisure Hours') and other publications. He wrote both on the equipment and duties of a physician, and on more general matters. His publications were few because he believed that a man should not write 'unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it aright'.

This essay is an exhortation to the young medical student, but what he says is equally valuable to all who follow an occupation in which skill and common-sense are necessary.

Page 7. Opie. John Opie (1761—1807) English historical and portrait painter. At one period in his life he was so assiduous in his painting that Northcote said of him 'Other artists paint to live ; Opie lives to paint'.

Reynolds. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723—92) the most distinguished figure in the English School of Paintng and the first President of the Royal Academy.

Page 8. Etty. William Etty (1787—1849) a Royal Academician who holds a secure place among English painters.

Page 9. Apollyon. The king of the bottomless pit, in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, who tries to prevent Christian reaching his goal.

Page 10. Wilkie. Sir David Wilkie (1785—1841) a gifted Scottish artist who in 1833 became painter-in-ordinary to the King.

Quercus robur. The British Oak.

Nous. Greek:—Mind, sense.

Page 12. Qua medici. As doctors.

Bacon. Francis Bacon (1561--1626) wrote a number of essays, one on knowledge.

Page 14. Professional system. The system of professorial lectures, in contrast with the tutorial system of individual supervision. Universities are more and more trying to imitate the example of Oxford and Cambridge where the two methods are combined.

Page 15. Emerson. See Page 197.

Bulwer. Bulwer-Lytton, Baronet (1803—1875), English novelist and politician.

Alison, Sir Archibald Alison (1792—1867), a Historian.

Shakespeare. A list of great authors is more interesting as an indication of the tastes of the person who draws up the list than as a contribution to literary judgment. Brown's poetic interests seem limited but his taste in prose writers is Catholic in the extreme.

Literae humaniores. Greek and Latin literature, which is less and less studied in the English Public Schools, though the School of *lit. hum.* in Oxford is still popular.

Page 16. Debris. Rubbish.

Winds of doctrine. Baffling confusion of teaching. Ephesians, iv. 14.

Page 17. Mancus. Maimed in one hand.

The Story of my health.

J. B. S. Haldane (1892—) is the writer of many books on various branches of biology. He is Reader in Bio-chemistry in the University of Cambridge.

His work cannot be said to be remarkable for its English style, but it is good workmanlike stuff, and provides a better model for the average student than Lamb's highly individual mannerisms. This essay and the essay on man's destiny should be compared as examples of the scientist in two different moods.

Page 20. **Sir Arthur Keith** (1866—). The famous anatomist; recently President of the British Association.

Scotland Yard. The London headquarters of the Criminal Investigation Department.

Eton. One of the oldest and most exclusive Public Schools in England.

Anglo-Catholic. That section of the Church of England which advocates the adoption of Roman Catholic practices.

Page 23. **Real Scottish Porridge.** The Scots have always lived largely on oatmeal, and their porridge is still unique.

Lady Astor and Mr. Isaac Foot are both Members of Parliament and leaders of the temperance movement.

Praise of Chimney Sweepers.

Charles Lamb (1775—1834) is probably the most widely loved of English essayists. He lived all his life in London, working as a clerk in the office of the East India Company, and published a great deal. His plays were failures, and his poetry indifferent, but his essays and his letters are undeniably great. More than any other, Lamb could lay *himself* on paper, could take a pen and let it *talk*, with all the inconsequence of subject matter and informality of sentence-structure that are the mark of conversation.

In Lamb's day chimneys were kept clean by small boys, who climbed through them with a hand brush.

Page 25. **Nigritude.** Lamb is fond of using quaintly learned words; *niger* is Latin for black.

Chit. Youngster.

Fauces Averni. The mouth of Avernus—an old volcanic crater in Italy, now filled with water.

Page 26. **Macbeth.** Act IV, Sc. 1.

Kibed. With chillblains.

Tester. From teston, the shilling of Henry VII and Henry VIII, which was debased. By Lamb's time tester was the colloquial term for a six-pence (*cf.* modern slang term for the same coin : tanner).

Yclept. Named. From Old English past participle, ge-clept, which became y-clept, and is here used as deliberate archaism.

Fleet Street. In London, now the home of the news-paper-offices.

Salopian House. Salep (Turkish) is a jelly made from the dried tubers of *orchis mascula.* Saloop is simply an altered form particularly applied to a hot drink consisting of powdered salep of Sassafras, with milk and sugar, sold on London streets early in the morning and late at night. Lamb is here punning on Salopian, as an adjective meaning belonging to Shropshire.

Page 28. Hammersmith. The cabbages were taken from the fields of Hammersmith to the famous fruit and vegetable market of Covent Garden.

Page 29. Cheapside. A well known London Street.

Hogarth. William, (1697—1764) an English painter whose work is mainly realistic representations of the lower classes.

Page 30. A sable cloud. Milton—Comus *l.* 221.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud.
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?

Rachel. The wife of Jacob, in the Old Testament. For a long time she was without children, the effect, she imagined, of the wrath of God. She mourns not, as Lamb's remark would lead us to imagine, at the loss of her children, but because none is born to her.

Arundel Castle. A castle in Sussex, part of it dating from the days of Alfred.

Page 31. Ascanius. The son of Æneas. Varying confused legends exist, in one of which he was specially favoured by Venus, the Goddess of Love.

Page 32. Incunabula. Lat: swaddling clothes, birthplace.

Bartholomew Fair. A fair held in West Smithfield, London, from 1133 to 1855 on S. Bartholomew's Day (August 24th, old calendar ; and from 1753, September 3rd).

Wedding garment. cf. Matthew 22, 2—13.

Page 33. Rochester. The Earl of Rochester (1647—80) was a gay courtier-poet, whose irregular behaviour has led to his being regarded as the typical rake.

Page 34. The cloth. The clergy.

The brush. The symbol of their occupation which they hoped would replace the laurel wreath as a crown of glory.

A bachelor's complaint of the behaviour of married people.

From 'Essays of Elia.'

Compare the style of this gently humorous argument with that of *In praise of chimney sweepers.* There is little or no literary allusion, irrelevance, or illustration that does not bear upon the point at issue. Lamb is at his best when he is at his most digressive, but this essay illustrates how he can curb his imagination and state a case.

Page 35. A bachelor. Lamb never married, but gave his entire life to the care of his sister who suffered from periodical fits of madness.

Page 38. Phoenix. A mythical Indian bird, which is said to have lived on air for 500 years and then offered itself on the altar. From its ashes a young bird is born. There was never more than one on earth at a time—not one born every year, as Lamb suggests, but one in about 500 years.

Page 40. Nice. In its correct sense of 'discriminating'.

Page 42. Humourist. Not in the modern sense, but a person with a *humour* or affectation; eccentric.

Lord Cantilupe's Political Faith.

G. Lowes Dickinson has established his reputation, for sometime to come, by 'A Modern Symposium'. The piece selected is an amusing expression of the outlook of the old school of Conservative politicians in these days when even the Conservatives talk of radical change and progress.

Page 47. Toryism. Reactionary movement in politics.

Page 48. **Darwin.** The author of the 'Origin of Species' in which the theory of evolution by natural selection was first outlined.

Page 50. **First Reform Act**, 1832, when the franchise was greatly extended.

Poor Law Reform, in 1834, giving more carefully supervised relief to the destitute, and reforming the work-houses.

Public Health Act. In 1848 was passed the first Act embracing the whole of the country. Previously Public health had been mainly a matter for local Government, and grave anomalies existed.

Corn Laws. Protective measures on corn, which were repealed in 1846 as a result of a potato famine in Ireland which came at the critical moment in the campaign conducted by Cobden and the Anti-Corn-Law League.

Man's Destiny.

Page 56. **Apocalypse.** The revelation of the destruction of earth and the creation of a new order given to S. John. 'And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.' (Rev. XXI, i).

Page 57. **Antoninus Pius.** Roman Emperor, 138–161.

Bentham. Jeremy Bentham. (1748–1832). English philosopher and jurist.

Page 60. **Newton.** Sir Isaac Newton, (1642–1727), who contributed more original thought to physics than any one before Einstein.

Racine: (1639–1699) the French dramatist and critic.

Van Dyck. (1599–1641) the famous Flemish Painter.

Bach. John Sebastian Bach, (1685–1750) German musical composer, who took particular interest in the organ. His supreme greatness is becoming more and more widely recognized.

S. Francis of Assisi (1181–1266) one of the most deeply revered of Christian saints, who lived, in literally

complete poverty, a life of love for man and beast, and profound devotion to God.

Captain Oates. Accompanied Scott on his voyage to the South Pole, and on the return journey fell sick. Realizing that his illness rendered more unlikely the return of the rest of the party he walked out of the tent one night to die in the snow, and leave his companions unburdened.

Arnold Von Winkelried. A Swiss hero, who in the battle of Sempach (1386), when the Swiss could not pierce the ranks of the Austrians, rushed into the enemy ranks and gathered a number of their spears into his breast, thus opening a way for his countrymen, though at the cost of his own life.

The Soul and God.

Ralph Waldo Emrerson (1803—1882) was descended from pious American stock and was himself inspired by the highest ideals and faith. He was a magical orator, gaining great popularity as a lecturer both in America and Europe. His Essays he began to write a little later and they are marked by richness of thought and association. His method was to leave a subject to 'grow' in his mind, letting illustrations gather round the central theme as it were, by their own power. He is not a debater, and his arguments are the result of flashes of insight rather than logical effort.

Page 68. Can crowd eternity into an hour.

cf. William Blake :—Auguries of Innocence.

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

Science and Religion.

Julian Huxley, (1887—) a distinguished student and lecturer in biology and zoology in Oxford and London. He organized the Oxford University expedition to Spitzbergen in 1921 and

has written many books, popular and technical, on biology, zoology and general scientific topics.

This lecture was the first of a series delivered over the wireless in England with the general heading, Science and Religion. Representative scientists and divines took part.

Page 72. **Milton.** Ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity, XIX–XXV.

Page 73. **Neo-Platonism.** The name given to the last school of pagan philosophy which grew up mainly among the Greeks of Alexandria from the 3rd century onwards.

Quakerism. The movement in the Christian Church started by George Fox in the seventeenth century and known officially as the Society of Friends. Its main emphasis is on the nobility of all human beings and the necessity for personal communion with God.

Page 79. **Hebrew Prophets.** Particularly Amos and Hosea.

Page 81. **The Psalmist.** Psalm 51. v. 17.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within you. Luke 17. v. 21.

The abolition of slavery...due...to social ideas.

But it was the Society of Friends who first questioned the institution of slavery in England and who presented the first petition for their emancipation to the House of Commons.

Scientists are not always good historians, and because the battle was fought in the political sphere, of necessity, Huxley assumes that religion took no part. Wilberforce, who led the attack, was a man of great and living faith in God.

Page 82. **Kepler,** Johann (1571–1680) German astronomer.

Galileo, (1574–1642) Italian experimental astronomer, the inventor of the telescope.

Freud, the psychologist, who maintains that the central spring of all human activity is the sex instinct.

Page 83. **Paley.** William (1745–1805), a Cambridge theologian, whose celebrated *View of the Evidences of Christianity* marked a new epoch in theological apologetic.

Page 91. **Tailor and Cutter.** A magazine for the clothing trade. In a criticism of the Academy of 1935, it says, of the portrait of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.

'It is impossible to define his garb : presumably it is a jacket and waistcoat. Equally well it may be gown, sack, or blanket. The colour is light brown ; but of form there is none. In short, sartorial fireworks.'

While of Lloyd George's portrait the criticism is :—

' The tie is lop-sided. The distinguished artist has taken more trouble to paint a lead pencil and glasses than the habit in which his sitter lives. If Mr. Lloyd George went to a Cabinet meeting as dressed at the Academy, his New Deal would be unceremoniously turned down. '

Page 95. Relativity. The theory promulgated by Einstein. The difficulty in the way of ' religion ' changing its outlook to conform to the New Physics is that 'religion' is not a mathematical genius, but a body of ordinary men and women. Few people to-day can lay claim to a very active faith in relativity, for few people understand it.

The Hero as a Man of Letters.

Thomas Carlyle, (1795—1884) was one of the many writers of prose during the reign of Queen Victoria. As this extract from ' Heroes and Hero-worship ' shows, his style is difficult, and not to be imitated. The warning about imitation is appropriate to Lamb, too, but in a different way, and a comparison of the reasons in each case would be profitable.

' Heroes and Hero-worship ' is a collection of lectures.

Page 98. Ishmaelite. Isaac and Ishmael were the sons of Abraham, the Old Testament patriarch. The Ishmaelites were the second son's descendants.

Odin's Runes. Odin was the God, in Norse mythology whom all the other Gods obeyed. Runes are the letters of the earliest Teutonic alphabet found carved on old monuments. Magic incantations are often found in Runic lettering.

Page 99. Agamemnon and Pericles, heroes of Greek history.

St. Paul's Cathedral. In Lodon.

Page 100. Moses, according to the Old Testament, killed an Egyptian, a member of the race who had enslaved

the Israelites. He fled, and became a shepherd in the land of Midian until he returned to lead his people out of captivity.

Abelard—A distinguished philosopher, of Paris, who mainly established the scholastic manner of philosophy.

Page 103. Fichte, (1762—1814) one of the Idealist School of German philosophers.

Page 104. Byron, (1788—1824) English poet, who died fighting in the Greek War of Independence.

Goethe, (1749—1832) famous German poet and dramatist who plays in German literature something of the part Shakespeare plays in English.

Burns. Robert Burns (1759—96) is the pre-eminent Scots lyric poet. More than any other writer in the Scots dialect, he has rallied the feelings of Scots of all classes, so that it is very dangerous to speak slightingly of his work in the presence of his countrymen.

Witenagemote. The old English Parliament; 'ge—mote,' meeting, 'witena,' of the councillors.

Burke, (1729-97) The English political orator. The Three Estates are Clergy, Lords, and Commons. (' Estate,' rank or condition).

Page 108. Johnson. Dr. Johnson was never rich, despite his prolific writings and great reputation.

Page 110. Pitt, (1759—1806) English Prime Minister.

Southey, (1744—1843) one of the feeblest poets of the time of the French Revolution. The fact that he was Poet Laureate is an indictment of contemporary critical judgment rather than a glory for him.

Page 111. Punctum saliens; the jumping-off ground.

A Defence of Poetry.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, (1792—1822) was one of the most gifted poets of the early nineteenth century. He is always a great favourite with the young, for his passionate vision of freedom and the beauty of the life of dreams.

This essay is part of the 'Defence of Poetry,' written in reply to a piece of satirical writing by T. L. Peacock, 'The Four Ages of Poetry.'

Page 113. **To poien.** Greek, 'making,' from which we derive the word 'poet.'

To logizein. 'reckoning,' or the power of calculating.

Page 114. **Aeolian lyre.** The lyre was one of the earliest instruments, used widely in ancient Greece.

Page 117. **Lord Bacon.** The writer of Elizabeth's reign whose essays are the earliest in English. This remark appears in one of his Latin works on general scientific topics.

Page 118. **Janus,** in classical mythology, had two faces, and could look in opposite directions at the same time.

Aeschylus, the Greek tragic dramatist.

The book of Job, in the Old Testament.

Dante's Paradise. One of the three parts of the Italian Poet's 'Divine Comedy.'

Page 121. **The curse of Babel,** *i.e.* the difference in languages. An Old Testament myth relates how God, to punish the presumption of men in proposing to build a Tower of Babel which should reach up to Heaven, caused the confusion of tongues. Shelley maintains that the real curse lies in the fact that the best poetry written in one language can never be translated into another.

Plato—the greatest of the Greek philosophers

Cicero—The Roman orator.

Herodotus—the famous Greek historian: Plutarch and Livy were Romans. Plutarch's 'Lives' are celebrated by Shakespeare's use of them as outlines for the plots of several of his plays.

Page 123. **Achilles, Hector and Ulysses** all appear in Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Page 126. **Elysian**—heavenly. The Elysian fields were the part in Hades set aside for the spirits of good men, according to classical legend.

On Reading Great Poetry.

Matthew Arnold (1822—1888), the son of a great Headmaster, became an Inspector of Schools, a poet and a critic. This piece of general criticism was written as the introduction to a collection of English poetry edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward in 1880. The collection, in four volumes, aimed at illustrating the historical development of poetry from Chaucer until Matthew Arnold's own time.

Page 135. Sainte-Beuve, French critic of the nineteenth century.

Page 138. Jupiter, the God of the Greeks, who ruled over gods and men from mount Olympus.

Page 140. Methuselah. The Old Testament character, who is said to have lived over nine hundred years.

An Apology for Idlers.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850—1894) was from the first attached to literature. He deliberately grounded himself in 'style' and from a life of romantic adventure drew material for the most varied work. 'Treasure Island,' 'New Arabian Nights,' 'The strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde', ' Familiar Studies of Men and Books', 'Vailima Letters'—these are all different from each other and yet excellent in their kind. All his work is charming, with a wide appeal, always graceful, persuasive, harmonious. His romances are the best known part of his work, but his essays and letters are probably more likely to survive. This essay is not his best work, but it is representative of his humanity and gentle humour, expressed in the most graceful and polished English.

Page 141. Gasconade. Bragging. Gascons, inhabitants of the North West of France have a reputation for conceit and boasting.

Page 142. Alexander. Alexander the Great one day visited Diogenes, the Cynic Philosopher, whose scorn of Alexander's fame irritated the general.

Rome. The Gauls invaded Rome, only to find the city fathers sitting peacefully in the Senate House, con-

temptuous of the military prowess of their barbarian enemies.

Sent to Coventry. Ignored by society.

Page 143. **Lord Macaulay.** As a schoolboy Macaulay displayed exceptional ability.

Lady of Shallott. In Tennyson's poem of that name a lady lives in a room from which she cannot look out. She may see the events of the world only through a mirror opposite the window.

Page 144. **Dickens,** the English novelist, and Honore de Balzac, of France, both received their education through work rather than at school. Dickens was apprenticed in a shoe-polish factory, in which his duty was to stick the labels on the tins ; Balzac was sent to school and college, but his later youth was spent in poverty, and all his life he had to struggle to keep alive. The 'favourite School' is therefore the experience of life itself.

Mr. Worldly Wiseman. In Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; the selfish man who wishes to press his own interests in the world.

Page 146. **Sainte-Beuve,** (1804—69) French Critic.

Page 147. **Belvedere.** Italian. A structure placed in the upper part of a building or in any elevated place from which a good view may be obtained.

Page 148. **Telling his tale.** Milton, *L'Allegro.*

And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

A 'tale' is the number of sheep, and telling here means counting.

Page 150. **Falstaff.** Shakespeare's adorable drunkard in Henry IV.

Barabbas. The miserly and villainous 'Jew of Malta' in Marlowe's play of that name.

Northcote. (1746—1831) English painter who was also desirous of fame in literature, but was disappointed.

Page 151. **The quality of mercy.** Merchant of Venice IV, I, 184.

The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice bless'd ;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Page 152. **Forty-seventh proposition.** Of Euclid. In Stevenson's time geometry was learnt directly from Euclid.

Page 153. **Joan of Arc,** (1411—1438). The soldier-girl who led the disheartened French soldiers in triumph against the British. She was later betrayed to the English army and burnt as a witch.

Sir Thomas Lucy, (1532—1600) the English Warwickshire Squire who is said to have prosecuted the young Shakespeare for stealing deer from his lands in 1585.

Page 154. **Atlas,** whom classical legend describes as holding the heavens on his shoulders.

Pharoah. The ruler of the Egyptians, to whom the Israelites were enslaved for some time.

Old China.

Page 156. **The Hays.** An old Country dance.

Couchant. Lying down ; a technical term of heraldry.

Cathay. The name by which China was known to Medieval Europe.

Hyson. A kind of green tea.

Speciosa miracula—'Dazzling miracles'; Horace, *Ars Poetica*. line 144.

Bridget. Lamb frequently mentions Bridget, whom he describes as his cousin, but there is no doubt that he is really talking of his sister Mary, to whose protection he gave the whole of his life.

Page 157. **Folio Beaumont and Fletcher.** A folio was a common size in which to publish editions of playwrights in Elizabethan times. Shakespeare's works were published in folio in 1623. This copy of Beaumont and Fletcher was the folio of 1679 and is now in the British Museum.

Page 158. **Corbeau,** a dark green, verging on a black.

Lionardo. Leonordo da Vinci, (1452–1519) the great Italian painter.

Colnaghi's. Paul Colnaghi, a print-dealer in Pall Mall East, London.

Enfield etc. Suburbs of London, then greener and more rural than now.

Page 159. **Izaak Walton.** In his 'Compleat Anger,' i, Ch. ii. Piscator (Latin—fisherman) is the central character in the book.

Children in the wood. popular English Pantomime.

Page 160. **Rosalind in Arden.** 'As you like it.'

Viola at the Court of Illyria. 'Twelfth Night.'

Page 162. **Lusty brimmers.** from Cotton's lines, To the New Year.

Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best.

Shake the Superflux. 'King Lear' III, iii, 37.

Page 163. **Croesus.** The last king of Lydia, who is said to have possessed fabulous wealth.

Bed-tester. A canopy over a bed.

Madonnna-ish, with the saintly appearance of the Virgin Mary.

On Going a Journey.

William Hazlitt (1778—1830) was educated for the ministry, but became first a portrait painter and then a critic and essayist. He was one of the most prolific of English writers, contributing to the development of criticism by insisting that the first necessity was to enjoy and understand. His Essays are more effective than his critical work, for here his tendency towards irrelevance and allusion were virtues and not vices. His knowledge of English writers was very wide, as the number of quotations even in this Essay shows. Many of them, scattered up and down his work, have never been identified.

Page 165. **Never less alone** cf. Swift, Essay on the faculties of mankind. 'A wise man is never less alone than when alone.'

The Fields his Study. Bloomfield, The Farmer's Boy *Spring*.

A friend in my retreat. Cowper *Retirement*.

Page 166. **May Plume her feathers.** Milton, *Comus.*

Tilbury. A two seater light carriage, named after its inventor.

Sunken Wrack. Henry V, 1, ii, line 165. Wrack is the Shakespearean spelling of wreck.

Leave, oh, leave me. An inaccurate quotation from Gray's *Descent of Odin* :—

Unwilling I my lip unclose.
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

It is strange that Hazlitt failed to notice that his quotation did not scan.

Very stuff of the conscience. Othello, 1, ii, l. 2.

Page 167. **Out upon such half-faced fellowship.** 1 Henry IV, 1, iii, l. 208.

Mr. Cobbett.—(1762—1835). A farmer's son, who, as a political pamphleteer resisted the advance of commercialism and the spread of large towns.

Sterne (1713—68) : Humorist and novelist. His most famous work is *Tristram Shandy.*

Page 169. **Gfve it an understanding.** Hamlet 1 ii, l. 250.

Pindaric ode—Ode with elaborate style of the Latin poet Pindar.

Far above singing. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster* : *V, v.*

All-Foxden—The home of Wordsworth in the early part of his life.

That fine madness. Reminiscence of Drayton's Elegy to my dearly loved friend Henry Reynolds, Esq.

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain

Zephyrus. The classical name for light breezes.

Phoebe. The goddess of the moon, with whom the youth Endymion fell deeply in love, and who rewarded him with her passion. She put him to sleep and laid him on the mountain of Latmos, so that she could enjoy his company undisturbed.

Page 170. **The Faithful Shepherdess.** A pastoral play by John Fletcher—(1572—1625).

Good thing—witty conversation.

To take one's ease. I Henry IV III iii l. 92.

Page 171. **The cups that cheer.** Cowper, the Task, Bk, IV

Sancho. Don Quixote. Part II. Ch. XLIX.

Sancho was not at an inn, but was acting as Governor of Barataria.

Shandean. *Tristram Shandy* is full of genial wanderings of meditation.

Procul, O Procul este profani! O keep far away, ye profane!

Page 172. **Unhoused free condition.** Othello I, ii, I. 26.

Lord of one's self. Dryden, Epistle to my honoured kinsman.

Promoting concord, and composing strife.
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife.

Page 173. **Witham Common** : in Somerset.

Gribelin : Simon Gribelin, a French engraver of the 17th century, who once engraved the cartoons of Raphael.

S. Neot's : A market town in Huntingdonshire.

Westall. Richard Westall R. A. (1766—1835), drew illustrations for the works of several poets. Hazlitt and posterity have not supported the high opinion of his works held by many of his contemporaries.

Paul and Virginia: a romance by Saint-Pierre, a French writer of the eighteenth century.

Bridgewater. In his essay 'My First Acquaintance with poets' Hazlitt places the reading of *Paul and Virginia* at Tewkesbury.

Llangollen, in North Wales.

The New Eloise : by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Rousseau was one of the first writers to dwell on the sublime beauty of mountain scenery.

Page 174. **Jura.** A block of mountains between the Rhine and the Rhone.

Bonne bouche. Anglo-French: a tit-bit; *bouche* was the allowance of victuals made by a king or lord to his retainers.

My birthday : April 10th.

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Green upland swells. Coleridge's Ode on the departing year :—

Thy grassy upland's gentle swells.
Echo to the bleat of flocks.

The valley, *ibid*:—

My valley's fair as Eden bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers.

The light of common day. Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality.

At length the Man perceives it die away.
And fade into the light of common day.

The beautiful : Coleridge, *Death of Wallenstein* V, 1,68.

Page 176. Sir Fopling Flutter. A character in 'The Man of Mode' by Sir George Etherege, a comedy writer of the seventeenth century. The words are not spoken by Sir Fopling Flutter himself.

Page 177. Stonehenge : Stone relics of early British worship, still standing on Salisbury Plain.

The mind is its own place : Paradise Lost 1, 254.

With glistering spires : Paradise Lost II 850.

Bodleian. The University library.

Blenheim. The house presented to the Duke of Marlborough at Woodstock, eight miles from Oxford.

Cicerone. A footman. Cicerone is an Italian guide who conducts, travellers round places of interest.

Page 179. Vine-covered hills. A line from a song by William Roscoe, the Liverpool writer.

Bourbons.—The French Royal family. The French, in 1822, the date of this essay, were content under rule of the Bourbons whom they had once overthrown.

'Jump.' Macbeth 1 vii, 7.

'We 'ld jump the life to come.

Johnson—in Boswell's life 1778, 'How little does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled.'

The Mail Coach.

Thomas De Quincey (1785—1859) was unfortunate enough to be an infant prodigy, being able to write Greek poetry and

converse fluently in Greek at the age of fifteen. The remainder of his life bore the impression of this intellectual bias. He regarded literature as a high calling, and drew a distinction between the literature of *knowledge* and the literature of *power*; the first is to teach, the second to inspire. And it is to this latter purpose that he primarily dedicates himself. His best known work is the *Confession of an Opium Eater*, which contains some frank autobiography and some impressive dream pictures.

His style is in marked contrast with Lamb's, being carefully forged and charged with ornament.

Page 181. non magna loquimur, We do not speak great things, we live great things.

Page 182. Salamanca, in Spain. The scene ef a battle won by Wellington in 1812, the news of which De Quincey had just heard, and which was taken down into the country by the Mail Coach on which he rode.

Nile and Trafalgar. Nelson's sea battles in the Napoleonic Wars.

Page 184. Wore the royal livery. De Quincey writes:—

> The general impression was, that the royal livery belonged of right to the mail-coachman as their professional dress. To the guard it *did* belong, I believe, and was obviously essential as an official warrant, and as a means of instant identification of his person. But the coachman, and especially if his place in the service did not connect him immediately with London and the General Post-Office, obtained the scarlet coat only as an honorary distinction after long (or, if not long, trying and special) service.

Ulysses. One of the chief heroes of Homer's Iliad. He is represented as being crafty and full of devices, and is said to have been the inventor of the wooden-horse. He possessed a bow which he alone could draw, and with it he could shoot an arrow through twelve rings.

Page 185. Waterloo. Three years later, 1815. The final defeat of Napolean at the hands of Wellington and the Allies.

Page 186. Jove. The mighty ruler of all the Gods, in classical mythology.

Page 187. Mr. Waterton. De Quincey's note reads :—

Had the reader lived through the last generation he would not need to be told that some thirty-five years back, Mr. Waterton, a distinguished country gentleman of ancient family in Northumberland, publicly mounted and rode in top boots a savage old crocodile that was restive and very impertinent. The crocodile jibbed and tried to kick, but vainly. He was no more able to throw the Squire than Sindbad was to throw the old scoundrel who used his back without paying for it, until he discovered a mode (slightly immoral perhaps, though some think not) of murdering the fraudulent old jockey, and so circuitously of unhorsing him.

Page 188. Antiphonies. In the church service, in which one half of the choir sings one verse of a Psalm, and the other the next, and so on alternately.

Four-in-hand. With the reins of all four coaches in the hands of the driver on the box.